THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

24 SEPTEMBER 1971

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INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

H. Adam (Editor): *South Africa* .. 1149
J. Aitken: *Officially Secret* 1143
S. Alpers: *The Decoration of the Torre de la Parada* 1141
A. J. Barker: *The East Yorkshire Regiment* 1155
L. Beckwith: *About My Father's Business* 1145
Alban Berg: *Letters to His Wife* .. 1150
M. Blacklock: *The Royal Scots Greys* 1155
P. Booth: *The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry* 1155
V. Brome: *Reverse your Verdict* .. 1143
R. B. Brooke (Editor and Translator): *Scripta Leonis, Rufini et Angeli Sociorum S. Francisci* 1153
A Catholic Dictionary of Theology, Vol 3 1153
M. G. Chapman: *Lancashire Halls* .. 1155
J. L. Clifford: *From Puzzles to Portraits* 1146
H. Cook: *The North Staffordshire Regiment* 1155
P. Deeley and C. Walker: *Murder in the Fourth Estate* 1143
C. Desmond: *The Discarded People* .. 1149
P. Duff: *Left, Left, Left* 1136
M. Edwardes: *Nehru* 1139
P. Erlanger: *Louis XIV* 1144
Queen Frederica of the Hellenes: *A Measure of Understanding* 1145
Go Puan Seng: *Exile* 1155
V. H. H. Green: *Medieval Civilisation in Western Europe* 1144
H. J. Haden: *The "Stourbridge Glass" Industry in the 19c* 1155
M. Hadfield: *Topiary and Ornamental Hedges* 1155
R. J. W. Hammond (Editor): *Northern Ireland* 1155
C. Hardie: *The Georgics: A Transitional Poem* 1155
I. Howe: *Decline of the New* 1140
A. F. Johnson: *Selected Essays on Books and Printing* 1154
M. Jones: *Ducal Brittany 1364-1399* .. 1144
S. Krim: *Shake it for the World* .. 1140
C. Legum (Editor): *Africa Contemporary Record* 1149
I. Laut: *The Duke of Wellington's Regiment* 1155
T. Mac Intyre: *Through the Bridewell Gate* 1136
D. Maland: *Culture and Society in Seventeenth-Century France* 1144
J. R. Martin: *Rubens: The Antwerp Altarpieces* 1141
M. Muraro: *Paolo da Venezia* 1142
P. Muir: *Victorian Illustrated Books* .. 1154
R. Norman: *Reasons for Actions* .. 1155
Nyānaponika Mahāthera (Editor): *Pathways of Buddhist Thought* 1153
J. H. Parry: *Trade and Dominion* .. 1144
P. Rahv: *Literature and the Sixth Sense* 1140
C. Ray: *The Lancashire Fusiliers* .. 1155
W. Reich: *Schoenberg* 1150
J. Robertson: *Liberalism in South Africa 1948-1963* 1149
L. T. C. Rolt: *Landscape with Machines* 1145
C. Rowson: *Curiosities of Lancashire* .. 1155
A. Sampson: *The New Anatomy of Britain* 1136
R. E. Sandell (Editor): *Abstracts of Wiltshire Inclosure Awards and Agreements* 1155
J.-P. Sartre: *L'Idiot de la famille* .. 1133
Selected Essays of Delmore Schwartz .. 1140
R. Segal: *The Struggle Against History* 1139
D. de Segonzac: *Dessins 1900-1970* ..
R. F. Spencer (Editor): *Religion and Change in Contemporary Asia* ..
W. Stechow: *Rubens and the Classical Tradition* .. ..
D. Stafford: *From Anarchism to Reformism* .. ..
A. Thompson: *The Day before Yesterday* .. ..
A. Ticho: *Jerusalem Landscapes* ..
W. B. Todd (Editor): *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, Vols. 64 and 65* ..
H. Trivick: *The Picture Book of Brasses in Gilt* ..
H. van Thal: *The Tops of the Mulberry Trees* ..
P. Walshe: *The Rise of African Nationalism in South Africa* ..
A. Watson: *The Law of Succession in the Later Roman Republic* ..
A. Watson: *Roman Private Law Around 200 BC* ..
G. Wilson: *London United Tramways* ..
J. Woodforde: *The Strange Story of False Hair* ..
B. Wootton: *Contemporary Britain* ..

Fiction

K. Amis: *Girl, 20* ..
T. de Vere White: *Mr Stephen* ..
D. Garnett: *A Clean Slate* ..
P. Highsmith: *Ripley under Ground* ..
J. le Carré: *The Naive and Sentimental Lover* ..
P. Mortimer: *The Home* ..
P. P. Read: *The Professor's Daughter* ..
W. Sansom: *Hans Feet in Love* ..
D. E. Westlake: *Adios, Scheherazade* ..

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY 1 OCTOBER 1971 No. 3,631 Price 10p

Vico in our time

Vico, from a painting by Francesco Solimena

GIORGIO TAGLIACOZZO with HAYDEN V. WHITE (Editors):
Giambattista Vico
636pp. Johns Hopkins Press (IBEG), £5.70.

...sity I reckon that I have sent it ... desert, and I avoid all the main ... so as not to meet the people ... I have sent copies, and if I ... avoid them, I greet them ...; and when that happens none ... give any sign of having received ... so confirm me in my opinion ... have sent it to the desert.

...his is how Giambattista Vico ... wrote to a friend in 1725 about ... the publication of the first edi... of the book posterity regards as ... masterpiece and as one of the ... books of eighteenth-century ...: the *New Science*. The inter... celebrations of Vico's three ...dth birthday in 1968 make a ... contrast with this letter. One ... fruits of the centenary cele... is a bulky symposium on ... It is a collection of forty-two ... by thirty-nine authors, of ... sixteen are Italians. The ... branches of the tree of ...ledge (a favourite image of ...) are well represented.

...he contributors include philo... such as Sir Isaiah Berlin, ... Hampshire, Enrico de Mas, Enzo Paci; anthropologists and ...logists such as Edmund Leach ... Werner Stark; historians such ... Stuart Hughes and A. William ...; art critics such as Gillo ... and Herbert Read; literary ... such as Elizabeth Sewell and ... Wellek, specialists in educa... (Maria Goretti), law (Elio Gian...) and linguistics (Tullio de ...). In eighteenth-century ..., Vico regarded himself as ... "... in his own country". In ... twentieth-century West, almost ... the humanities and social sciences ... him as one of their leading .... It is indeed tempting to ... to Vico, as has so often been ..., one of the most well-worn ... in the history of ideas—that ... "man born out of his time".

... to be a man born out of one's ... means no more than being ...ed in one's own day and ... later, then the cliché does not ... represent the facts. If it means ... a man better understood by ... than by contemporaries, ... it would be difficult to object ... description of Vico. As Sir ... Berlin puts it in his contribu...: "No one understood the full ... of Vico in his lifetime or ... nearly a century after his death." ... a dozen essays in Parts I and ... this symposium are chiefly con...ed with the impact of Vico on ...pean thought between about ...ard about 1900, and the con...tions by Enrico de Mas and ... Pons are particularly worth .... Between them, these dozen ... fill in the details of a picture ... in its broad outlines was ... already.

... Italy, the awakening of interest ... Vico was a gradual one. In the ... eighteenth century he was ... by the economist Ferdinando ...ni, the philosopher Antonio ...ovesi and the lawyer Mario ..., among others. In the early ...teenth century, Vincenzo Cuoco ... about him; in the middle ... century, so did Bertrando ...enta; and in 1911 Benedetto ... published the best-known of ... studies of Vico.

...utside Italy, Vico's impact was ... delayed; but when it came ... more sudden. He was little ... until the early nineteenth ...ry. Although Herder's attention ... drawn to Vico as early as 1777, ... probably never read him, and ... same goes for Goethe. It was ... the 1820s that Vico was dis-covered. Michelet translated him and Victor Cousin lectured on him at the Sorbonne. The *New Science* was translated into German in the 1820s, and it was in the same decade that Coleridge read the book (in Italian). Serious discussions of Vico in Spanish date from the 1830s and in Russian from the 1860s. Yet he did not appear in a standard history of philosophy, such as Windelband's, until Croce drew Windelband's attention to the omission, and in England serious notice of Vico was taken only when Collingwood translated Croce's study.

This pattern of neglect followed by discovery in several different countries is an intriguing one. Why was Vico neglected for so long? It may be more useful to put the question in a more positive form. Why did Vico catch on in the 1820s? One answer would be that at that time a number of Italian political émigrés were important in spreading knowledge of him. There was Pietro de Angelis, who introduced Michelet to Vico and went on to spread his gospel in Buenos Aires; F. S. Salfi, who helped to spread it in France, and Gioacchino de' Prati, who lent a copy of the *New Science* to Coleridge. However, as Vico himself liked to emphasize, a purely diffusionist explanation of the transmission of ideas is not satisfactory. Not all that is available catches on. Writers who do catch on often do so because they reinforce an existing trend. In the 1820s, one of the most popular of European intellectual trends was the philosophy of Hegel. In fact, Vico was interpreted (to use another cliché of the history of ideas) as a "precursor" of Hegel. This is how he was presented by Victor Cousin in the 1820s, by Spaventa in mid-century, and by Croce in 1911. Croce went so far as to write: "It almost seems as if the soul of the Italian and Catholic philosopher had migrated into the German." Vico's interest in development was emphasized, and a parallel was drawn between his concept of "Providence" and Hegel's "cunning of Reason". His interest in the creative imagination of primitive man also fitted in well with German Romanticism. And so his image became fixed as that of a "precursor", a man "born out of his time", in the sense of belonging in spirit to another; as that of a "modern" who has the bad fortune to live under the old regime. In another vigorous phrase of Croce's, Vico was "neither more nor less than the nineteenth century in embryo".

This interpretation of Vico led to serious distortions of his ideas. Now that modernity has changed, this is becoming easier to see. The nature of the distortions is discussed in two important essays in this symposium, Pietro Piovani's "Vico without Hegel" and Hayden White's "What is living and what is dead in Croce's criticism of Vico". Signor Piovani points out, for example, that Vico is more interested in the beginnings of a development where Hegel is more interested in the conclusions; that Vico does not identify his "Providence" with reason; and that (in a striking phrase which does not make life easy for the translator) in Hegel, unlike Vico, "it is not *logos* which is historicized, but history which is logicalized". Hayden White discusses the interest in generalization which underlies the claim of the *New Science* to be a science. It was, after all, named in homage to Galileo, and a copy was sent to Newton. Vico was much concerned to show that a system underlay the bewildering variety of human customs and ideas. Mr White points out that Croce disapproved of this interest in generalization about the past of mankind, and that its importance for Vico does not emerge in Croce's study.

If Vico is not "the nineteenth century in embryo", what is he? Parts

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Tom Stoppard on 'Orghast' 1174
Quantification in Music, by Wilfrid Mellers 1179
The Prague Spring 1163
New novels by Melvyn Bragg, Walker Percy 1165, 1166
G. Wilson Knight 1171
'Religion in the Soviet Union' 1172
Victoria and Vicky 1175
The Antiquarian Book Fair 1177
Letters 1176
World Affairs 1164, Fiction 1165, 1166, Social Studies 1167, Poetry 1168, Germany 1169, Science 1170, Literature and Criticism 1171, 1184, Religion 1172, United Nations 1173, Australia 1178, Philosophy 1181, Architecture 1182, Arts and Crafts 1183.

III and IV of the symposium, more than half the volume, are concerned with Vico's relation to twentieth-century academic disciplines: to anthropology, biology, economics, education, history, philosophy, the psychologies, sociology, and others. Vico often figures in these pages as a precursor of (among others) Cassirer, Durkheim, Lévi-Strauss, Menger, and Merleau-Ponty, and, more generally, of existentialism and structuralism. Thus Giorgio Tagliacozzo can describe Menger's *Principles of Economics* as "an at least partly Vichian bridge between the first and second births of economic Vichianism". Mr Bidney can praise Vico for "anticipating Émile Durkheim's sociological method". Mr Edie sees Vico as "the first modern philosopher of language" and a "forerunner" of Merleau-Ponty. For Dr Leach, Vico in the 1720s was "groping after" a kind of analysis of myth which Lévi-Strauss was to develop in the 1960s. Most ambitiously of all, Signor Tagliacozzo, who is a "Vichian" in the way in which other men are Marxists or Thomists, writes of a "current return to Vico" which can be discerned in "philosophical pragmatism, linguistic philosophy, Gestalt psychology . . . phenomenology, organismic biology, genetic and social psychology . . . new pedagogic trends . . . and so on". Such claims might be summarized by bringing Croce up to date and describing Vico as "neither more nor less than the twentieth century in embryo".

At this point it is difficult to prevent scepticism from breaking in. When Vico's 400th birthday is celebrated in 2068, modernity will have changed again. If symposia are still in fashion, there will be one including an essay on "Vico without structuralism", or at least there should be. It is comforting to see that some of the contributors to the present symposium are sceptical about the grander claims made by their colleagues. One remarks on "the irresistible tendency that drives all admirers of Vico to find his ideas everywhere". Another asks, was Vico really "responsible for the entire intellectual state of the contemporary world?" Do all roads lead from Vico?

That he was a profound and original thinker is not in doubt. Nor is the fact that it is possible to place isolated passages of Vico next to isolated passages from certain twentieth-century thinkers and be struck by the similarities between them. "There must in the nature of things be a mental language common to all nations." The voice is the voice of Vico, but the thought might just as well be that of Chomsky or Lévi-Strauss. However, one can also juxtapose isolated passages of Vico and Hegel, and again be struck by the similarities. One can compare Vico as easily to Max Müller as to Cassirer, to Lévy-Bruhl as easily as to Lévi-Strauss. If so, something is surely wrong. It is not so much any specific comparison that is at fault. Comparisons may be made in a cautious way or in an uncritical way, and in this volume the cautious comparisons predominate. What is wrong is the isolating of passages of Vico from their context, and indeed the whole enterprise of "hunt the precursor". It does not help us to understand either Vico or the growth of the tree of knowledge.

To understand Vico, it might be a better strategy to start not from our problems but from his own, to begin with what he thought he was doing, and the situation to which he was responding. We must replace him in his own society and in the intellectual debates of his own day. It is ironic that this is just what Croce told historians to do, but what he himself neglected to do in his book on Vico. It is also ironic that in this symposium, in which Croce's picture of Vico is justly criticized, the organization of the book encourages the reader to make Croce's mistake and give Vico's work a "Whig" or present-minded interpretation. Much valuable work has been done recently on Vico's intellectual and social milieu by such scholars as Eugenio Garin, Arnaldo Momigliano, Paolo Rossi, Frank Manuel and Nicola Badaloni. But this approach to Vico is seriously under-represented here. Of the five scholars just mentioned, only Signor Badaloni has contributed to this symposium. Although there are studies of Vico's relation to Tacitus, to Bodin, and to Grotius, there is next to nothing on his milieu or development, even if a number of contributors refer in passing to the importance of these questions.

For the "discovery of the true Vico", one might start from the fact that he was a late seventeenth-century Neapolitan. He was already thirty-two when the eighteenth century began. The son of a bookseller, he made good use of his opportunities for wide reading. He was largely self-taught but, all the same, what he learnt was what it was customary to learn in that place and time. He studied scholastic logic, classical rhetoric, civil law, and canon law. He read Homer, Plato, Tacitus, Dante, the Twelve Tables, and the Pandects. His culture was essentially legal and literary. Vico spent much of his life as a professor of rhetoric and he tried, unsuccessfully, to become a professor of civil law. He wrote poems in the baroque style and he composed epitaphs to order for the local nobility. His culture was essentially a Latin one. He studied Roman law, lectured and wrote several of his minor works in Latin, and felt that he was living in an age of decline partly because the prices of Latin books were falling. He seems to have known no English or French, and only a little Greek. He took much less interest than many of his contemporaries in the world outside Europe—in the Chinese, for example, or in the American Indians. He preferred to study Greece and Rome. He discovered the "savage mind" without bothering to read the many available accounts of savages, relying instead on Homer and on Tacitus's *Germania*.

Vico was a traditionalist, an "ancient" rather than a "modern". He read seventeenth-century books in preference to eighteenth-century ones, and he neglected the physical sciences. But he was a traditionalist by inclination, not by necessity. Naples, where he spent almost all his life, was no backwater in his day but a great city, frequently visited by foreign intellectuals. In the 1680s, for example, the visitors included Leibniz, Mabillon, and Burnet. The city contained an intellectually lively group of professional men, mostly doctors and lawyers, to which the young Vico belonged. There was the lawyer Francesco D'Andrea, who studied Bacon and brought the works of Descartes to Naples. There was Tommaso Cornelio, a professor of medicine and mathematics who was also interested in Descartes, and there was Leonardo di Capua, who wrote on both history and medicine. In this milieu Vico read the free-thinking Lucretius and Spinoza, the heretic Bacon, and the prohibited Descartes. Some of his friends were arrested by the Inquisition of Naples. His early poems show him as a Lucretian, and his early orations as a Cartesian.

The Vico of the 1720s, the time of the first version of the *New Science*, had left some of this behind him. Descartes had turned from rhetoric and history to the study of mathematics and the physical world, but Vico turned from Descartes to the study of history. Yet he could not forget his earlier studies. Wishing to write "in the service of the Catholic religion", he went on reading heretics such as Grotius and Pufendorf. Thus he was neither an orthodox Catholic nor an orthodox "libertine". No wonder that he came to feel isolated in his native city. But the conflict within him was a fertile one, and his achievement would be inconceivable without it.

The *New Science* is a difficult book to read, not least because its author was preoccupied with several problems at once, and dissatisfied with current solutions to all of them. In the first place, he was concerned with what he called "the history of human ideas". By "history of ideas" he did not mean the history of philosophy, as practised by the seventeenth-century Dutch scholar Hornius or his own fellow-citizen and contemporary Valletta. Vico was interested in the ideas of everyone, patrician or plebeian, savage or civilized, from the time that men began to think, not from the time when philosophers began to reflect about this thought.

He differed from his predecessors in another crucial respect. What he called the "master key" to the *New Science* was his idea that one age differed from another not only in the content of its beliefs but in their structure. He contrasted what he called the "poetic logic" of the first men with modern logic. The first men, he suggested, were weak in reason but strong in imagination. They lacked the power of abstraction, but thought in images. In short, they were like children or poets. Vico objected to the practice of teaching small children logic and recommended that they study poetry instead.

A second interest of Vico was in the Greek myths. The traditional interpretation of the myths, put forward by Bacon for example, saw them as a hidden philosophy, or as scientific theory deliberately disguised. Vico in contrast suggested that the myths were making statements about human society, and that they were obscure, not because early men were concealing their ideas but because of their poetic logic. It was traditional to venerate Homer as a great educator, but Vico suggested, in his chapters on "the discovery of the true Homer", that his gods and heroes were not good models for moderns to imitate. Men were different in that heroic age, less rational and more impulsive. He also put forward the idea that "Homer" was not a man but a symbol for the Greek people, who were the true authors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which were composed more than a lifetime apart.

A third interest was in social norms or, to use the language of the time, "natural law". Seventeenth-century writers on natural law, for example Pufendorf, derived society and its rules from man's sociability and his rationality. Pufendorf derived his picture of early man, in the "state of nature", by taking man "as he now is" and imagining society away. Vico objected that this was to start in the middle instead of going back to the beginning. The first men were neither rational nor sociable. Human nature changes over time, and different periods have different kinds of natural law. The Homeric poems illustrate the natural law of a heroic age.

Similarly, Vico attacked the view of the state of nature which underlay certain contemporary discussions of "natural religion", religion without revelation. He argued vehemently against the view, which he attributed to Bayle, that in Brazil and elsewhere men live in society with[illegible] knowledge of God. His own [illegible] was that, on the contrary, [illegible] men believed that they were [illegible] erned directly by the gods, who [illegible] their wishes known through [illegible] They thought that the thunder [illegible] god speaking to them. The[illegible] the gods led them from the [illegible] in which they lived like beasts [illegible] society. According to Vico, [illegible] as well as Pufendorf, was [illegible] was neither men's fear [illegible] another nor rational self-inte[illegible] their fear of God which led [illegible] foundation of the State.

Thus Vico's "history of [illegible] ideas", which in modern term[illegible] be called an "historical psych[illegible] explained the development [illegible] religion and government. He [illegible] pioneer of what Dugald S[illegible] later in the century, called "[illegible]tural history"; that is, the [illegible] the transition from sava[illegible] civilization. He reduced the [illegible]erable varieties of customs [illegible] to a system, whose essen[illegible]ciple was that of deve[illegible] (*corso*). Sometimes he [illegible] two ages, the early and the [illegible] More often he wrote abo[illegible] ages, those of the gods, he[illegible] men. On occasion he listed [illegible] six ages: "First came the [illegible] after that the huts, then the [illegible] next the cities, and finally [illegible]demies." This development [illegible] take place once and for all. [illegible] (*ricorsi*) were possible. The [illegible] Ages, for example, were the [illegible] "heroic age" returned, [illegible] vassals were Roman clients [illegible] But the pattern of *corso* a[illegible] was not an inevitable one. [illegible] model—Vico's term is "[illegible]tory" (*storia ideal*)—in [illegible] a natural development whi[illegible]dent might interrupt on [illegible]

Many of the ideas put [illegible] in the *New Science* were [illegible] The idea of the gradual [illegible]ment of mankind from the [illegible] beasts to the life of civil[illegible] to be found in Lucretius. [illegible]lical interpretation of [illegible] a classical and Renaissance [illegible] place. The idea of the [illegible] gods, heroes and men [illegible] Diodorus Siculus. The [illegible] between feudal vassals and [illegible] clients was made by B[illegible] suggestion that the imag[illegible] more powerful in early [illegible] often made by Renaissance [illegible] of literature. This list [illegible] could be extended almost [illegible]tely, but sources can be [illegible] the parts, not the whole. [illegible]tial contrast between po[illegible] and rational thought [illegible] found in the books Vico [illegible] Lucretius, for example, [illegible] process of civilization as the [illegible] of knowledge and skills, [illegible] fundamental change in [illegible] The traditional view of [illegible] cycles did not include [illegible] [illegible] of thinking. Diodorus offered [illegible] statement that Egypt was [illegible] in turn by gods, heroes, and [illegible]; he did not use this divi[illegible] as a principle of organization. [illegible]'s history of human ideas is [illegible]thing new, a triumph of the [illegible]ical imagination. But if it [illegible] sources, it does not lack [illegible]

[illegible] idea not unlike Vico's "master [illegible]" appears in the writings of some [illegible] French contemporaries. In [illegible] Fontenelle wrote an essay on [illegible] *Origin of Fables* (or as we would [illegible] myths") in which he compared [illegible]cient Greeks and the "barba[illegible] of America" and suggested [illegible] myths originated by men ex[illegible]ing natural phenomena like [illegible]der in human terms, the un[illegible] in terms of the known. The [illegible] gods were modelled on their [illegible]ippers; "the first men were [illegible]ely brutal", and so their gods [illegible] too. In the same year, 1724, [illegible] missionary, Lafitau, pub[illegible] his *Manners of the American* [illegible], in which he, too, compared [illegible] and ancient Greece. He [illegible] that both the ancient [illegible] and the American Indians [illegible] that the thunder was the [illegible] of a god, and remarked on the [illegible] imagination" of the savages [illegible] met. Still more significant, [illegible] is the fact that the parallel [illegible] the first men, living in the [illegible] of humanity, and modern [illegible] had been drawn by Charles Perrault in the late seventeenth century. This parallel underlay his famous *Contes*. He adapted traditional folktales for children because he thought that the first men, the common people, and children all shared the characteristics of ignorance and credulity from which the rational educated man of his own day was, he considered, exempt.

These parallels may suggest how Vico came to make his great discovery. It followed the intellectual revolution of the seventeenth century, and is inconceivable without it. This revolution involved what has been called the "mechanization of the world picture", the development of an abstract language for making statements about the physical world, the conviction that reason was a higher faculty than imagination, and that the moderns were superior to the ancients. Perrault and Fontenelle were, of course, famous apologists for the moderns in this last debate. This intellectual revolution took place in a Europe in which the majority of the population were still illiterate peasants, a society still rich in oral traditions. One result of it was that the educated began to be cut off from this tradition, and to be made aware of it as an alien style of thought. But Vico was more ambivalent towards this revolution than Perrault and Fontenelle. His sympathies were with the ancients not the moderns, with poetry not geometry, and possibly with savagery rather than civilization. He is an example of that "disgust with reason" which Leibniz in 1716 gave as the explanation for the current craze for fairy-stories.

Out of the tension in Vico, and in his milieu, between tradition and modernity came his discovery of "poetic wisdom". It only remained for the men of the 1820s, some of them in reaction against a later phase of the scientific revolution, to discover Vico. It is ironic that this enthusiasm for Vico came at a time when the development of archaeology was rendering obsolete much of his conjectural history of early man.

By the early nineteenth century, interest in some of Vico's most central concerns had waned. Natural religion and natural law were no longer current controversies. Men were less prepared than they had been to believe in historical cycles, and more concerned with linear progress. They seized eagerly on the parts of Vico's work which had affinities with their own views, and they neglected the rest. The contributors to this symposium who believe in a return to Vico and see him as a precursor of current trends in their own disciplines are doing exactly the same as the men of the 1820s. No student of Vico can afford to neglect some of the essays printed in this volume, yet the symposium as a whole is, in a word, unhistorical. It is a strange tribute to the man who had a sharper awareness of the difference between past and present than anyone in his time.

Prelude to the Spring

[illegible]DIMIR V. KUSIN:
[illegible] Intellectual Origins of the [illegible] Spring
[illegible] Cambridge University Press.

[illegible]AN SVITAK:
[illegible] Czechoslovak Experiment 1968-[illegible]
[illegible] Columbia University Press.

[illegible] Dialectics of Liberation con[illegible] held in London in 1967, Her[illegible] Marcuse was asked whether [illegible] necessity of a revolutionary [illegible] in contemporary society that [illegible] advocated also applied to the [illegible] Union and the communist [illegible] of Eastern Europe. He [illegible] that while in his opinion the [illegible] economic and social [illegible] had been carried out in [illegible] countries, there still remained [illegible] of a political revolution.

That some changes were necessary [illegible] being realized at the time in at [illegible] one Eastern European state: [illegible] Czechoslovakia the awareness had [illegible] growing for some time that the [illegible], rather than progressing to a [illegible] future as the country's lea[illegible] claimed, was in fact limping to[illegible] it very badly. Vladimir Kusin [illegible] the history of reformist think[illegible] in Czechoslovakia from 1956, [illegible] the first heretical ideas were [illegible] only to be quickly suppress[illegible] through the early 1960s when [illegible] reform, were half-heartedly [illegible] into effect up to 1968 when they [illegible] to a short-lived flowering.

With the benefit of the hindsight [illegible] provides, the events in [illegible] Czechoslovakia in 1968 seem far [illegible] surprising. The scene for the [illegible] Spring had been set long be[illegible] by the questioning of some of [illegible] basic tenets of Stalinist dogma, [illegible] at first under the vigilant [illegible] the Party ideological censor[illegible] but gaining intensity as more [illegible] political and economic prob[illegible] cropped up. Once this path [illegible] taken, it soon emerged that [illegible] modern, complex industrial [illegible] genuine attempts at reform [illegible] not be restricted to any one [illegible] of national life.

[illegible], progress was painfully slow [illegible] not only because of ideological [illegible] administrative counter-pres[illegible] The reformers themselves [illegible] first to go through the ritual of [illegible]ormity before they could attain [illegible], if not of power, at least [illegible] influence which would allow some measure of independent thinking. (In 1959 Ota Šik, for instance, was an ardent opponent of Yugoslav revisionism.) It was only then that they could announce such astounding discoveries as that the political process should be understood as the "assertion of the interests of one social group against the interests of another group" as Milos Kalab wrote as late as 1966.

What sounds like a truism to a Western observer, however, was in Czechoslovakia a newly discovered truth which smacked of deviationism in a state which allegedly had done away with all social antagonisms. Dr Kusin has not set himself the task of appraising the reformers' originality in relation to pre-Stalinist thinking, but the sense of the incredible futility of some of their efforts occasionally does filter through. At the expense of a generation brainwashed or purged and reduced to silence in the early 1950s they were in many cases rediscovering the obvious; in terms of sheer intellectual wastage socialism must already have surpassed capitalism. While appreciating that they were often introducing new concepts at risk to their careers, and with all due respect to the reformers' intellectual courage, one should not forget those who did not need the twentieth Soviet Party Congress to reveal to them that there was something rotten in Stalin's empire.

These people, however, were unable to speak up and are not to be confused with the non-Party groups which, according to Dr Kusin, exerted the main pressure for democratization. Though he calls them non-Party, he goes on to say that they consisted mainly of members of the Communist Party; only their ideas were at odds with those of the party leadership. This is a point which his useful book might have further clarified for the Western reader, who has only recently awakened to the fact that there is more than one form of communism.

The question remains whether it was all worth while. As Dr Kusin points out, the Czech nation is one that is not just content to exist, but continues to ask searching questions about the purpose of its existence. In this, however, may also lie its weakness. Is it not possible that, had the reform efforts been less intellectual and more practical, at least some of them might have survived the disaster of August, 1968—or even that it might have been avoided altogether?

Ivan Sviták, for many years the enfant terrible of Czech Marxist philosophy, took in 1968 an attitude that seems—again with the benefit of hindsight—more realistic though more revolutionary than that of other Czech intellectuals. From the beginning he viewed many of the reformers without any illusions, as would-be technocratic "managers of the lonely crowd" no better than their predecessors. As against "socialism from above" he stressed the need for full civil and human rights that would guarantee the participation of ordinary people in decision-making, and insisted that in a socialist democracy a plurality of political currents was essential.

His militant standpoint is in many respects close to that of Marcuse and of the more articulate speakers of the New Left, over whom he has the advantage of having actually experienced socialism gone awry. He was obviously greatly inspired by the events in Paris in 1968 and in fact makes little distinction between the entrenched bureaucracies of the East and West; he suggests that both should be replaced, elitist as they are, by a democratic community of free citizens. This fits well with the emphasis he places on European humanist traditions.

As a collection of articles published and lectures delivered between March, 1968, and August, 1969, *The Czechoslovak Experiment* is of necessity rather uneven. "Policy has become applied anthropology, the practical philosophy of human existence", writes Professor Sviták, and it is when he develops his ideas along that line, generalizing from a concrete Czechoslovak situation, that they are most interesting. Some of the speeches, made to very politically minded audiences, are tinged with political emotion which mars his otherwise admirably cool, rational approach. Whatever the occasion, however, he analyses (and denounces) brilliantly the nature of modern, totalitarian dictatorship. Throughout the book, which should be studied especially by those interested in post-Stalinist Marxist thinking, he also maintains his remarkable capacity for expressing complex ideas in plain, didactic language. It reads almost as a Not-so-little Red Book for European students and workers.

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The desire to be different

GLEN ST J. BARCLAY:
20th Century Nationalism
224pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.50.

Since nationalism in the twentieth-century has proved by far the most durable ideology in world affairs, a history of the one is virtually co-extensive with a history of the other. Nationalism has created empires and destroyed them: it has made new sovereign states and disrupted old ones; it has fought for independence and imposed tyranny; it has inspired and crushed the very same people. The nationalist leader might well say what Dostoevsky said for him a generation before the century began: "Starting from unlimited freedom, I arrive at unlimited despotism." It is no wonder that Glen St J. Barclay ends his sardonically dispassionate account of the century's nationalist revolutions with a chapter called "A Bleak Future".

The high-minded German academics who evolved the philosophy of nationalism in the eighteenth century would blench at the sight of the monster they created. They had begun to blench already at the sight of what the French did in the name of nationalism; but at least Napoleon was interpreting their ideology more or less correctly. The trouble was that inevitably nationalism begot nationalism. Napoleon created German and Russian nationalism. The rebellious Serbs and Greeks created Turkish nationalism. And nationalism also begot imperialism, which in turn begot a counter-nationalism. To this process there was no limit except force. If nationality was to be the basis of self-determination, then there was no logical alternative to mass movements of population accompanied by selective genocide. Even the gypsies presented their claims at Versailles in 1919, but it was left to Hitler to find a solution to their problem.

As Mr Barclay argues, nationalism is essentially a portmanteau word. It simply asserts the desire to be collectively different:

> Nationalism can therefore manifest itself as imperialism, as racism, as separatism, as federalism, or as a demand for any other system under which authority is yielded from the centre to more or less autonomous regions.

That definition covers most of the revolutionary demands made in the name of nationalism since the twentieth century began, but it hardly does justice to the irrationality, the paradoxes, and the emotional obfuscation which are at the heart of the matter. There are passages in which Mr Barclay tells his story almost too coolly: for instance, when he argues that the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia or the Japanese in Manchuria really had something of a case. Why then did the world have to go to war? The answer is that Hitler and the Japanese militarists were determined to have a war; and that determination was also a constituent factor in their nationalism.

After the Second World War it was natural for the victorious powers to seek some other basis than nationalism for the reconstruction of the shattered world; and the obvious cornerstone was internationalism. With a curious myopia, they thought that they had embodied this principle in the United Nations, although the Charter itself asserts the inviolability of the nation-state. The United Nations Organization was a move not towards world government but away from it. Its achievement has been to multiply the number of nation-states from a little over fifty to more than 120. This, as Mr Barclay points out, exactly reversed the trend of nineteenth-century nationalism, which reduced the number of sovereign states in Europe from about sixty in 1850 to about fifteen in 1900. Moreover, the process has been far from exhaustive: Basques and Kurds and Nagas and many other would-be nations have still to find some fulfilment of their aspirations.

There are in fact many states which are not nations as well as nations which are not states. Hence the large number of civil as well as external wars which have been fought in the name of nationalism. Mr Barclay covers the complex ground thoroughly and coherently, beginning with the Boer War and ending with the Black Panthers. Between the two world wars, nationalism was most active in Europe (Germany, Italy, Spain, Ireland, the Balkans) but also incipient in Asia (Japan, China, India). After the Second World War the epicentre moved to Africa, passing through the Middle East on the way. In Europe nationalism was supposed to be defunct, but as Mr Barclay succinctly remarks, "it was the shortest death on record". With de Gaulle, a new phase of European nationalism broke out; and independently of him, the same spirit stirred in Eastern Europe, first manifesting itself in Yugoslavia.

Mr Barclay rightly devotes careful attention to the phenomenon of Titoism, but it leads him into one of his few serious mistakes. Tito has never been, as Mr Barclay calls him, a "Serb nationalist": he is not even a Serb, but a Croat. It is, of course, possible for a member of one nation to adopt the nationalism of another, as the Jew Disraeli ado[…] imperialism and the Georg[…] adopted Russian imperi[…] that is not what Tito d[…] always been his endeav[…] a Yugoslav nationalism, […] the chauvinism of Serb[…] Slovenes, and Macedo[…] fortunately it will not be […] say whether or not he ha[…] until he is no longer on th[…] he should be given credit […] to the same kind of inter[…] on a miniature scale, as the […] of the European move[…] West. Their attempts to […] traditional nationalism […] the few hopeful signs for […]

In the rest of the w[…] signs are sparse indeed. […] devotes an interesting […] what he calls the "mave[…]" Soekarno, Nkrumah and […] is a category which also […] Gaulle and Ian Smith […] But disturbing though […] there is a possibility th[…] sent only a transitory […] Much more serious are […] ists whose claims canno[…] any kind of relatively […] such as the separatists of […] Negroes of the United S[…] republicans in Northern […] Barclay concludes, with […] morbid calmness, that

> It takes no effort of ima[…] to imagine the Black P[…] and student revolutio[…] United Kingdom being […] streets by an alliance of […] armed forces, establish[…] Skinheads and Hell's An[…]

The cure would, as he […] than the disease: how […] can be seen in the larg[…] excellent illustrations […] grim fascination to alm[…] of his book.

The sharing of the spoils

DIANE SHAVER CLEMENS:
Yalta
356pp. Oxford University Press. £3.60.

The Yalta Conference of 1945 remains one of the controversial issues of contemporary history. To some it was the necessary price of wartime cooperation. Others accuse President Roosevelt of having been guilty of some kind of appeasement or, as his Republican critics put it, a "sell-out". A young American historian, Diane Clemens, here makes a new approach to the subject, arguing that the conference laid the foundations of the postwar *pax Americana-Sovietica*. She has carefully studied all the accessible sources, including the recently published Russian ones, and summarizes in a chart the negotiating position of each major power on each issue, showing their agreement or disagreement.

This chart goes to show that the decisions of the conference were reasonable in terms of traditional diplomacy; each nation gained what it most sought and made compromises on the questions of vital interest to the other major powers. Yet the United States and the Soviet Union dominated the conference and firmly established their spheres of influence for the postwar period. The Soviet Government had many of the same territorial ambitions as the Tsars, in Eastern Europe, the Balkans and the Far East: Moscow wished to see an end of the British and French colonial empires. These Soviet policies ran counter to Britain's defence of the Empire, and, most notably, with America's developing economic plans overseas.

Diane Clemens cites documents to show that Soviet claims in the Far East were continually being adjusted to meet American plans and ideas. President Roosevelt hoped to expel Britain, France, and Japan from China and Korea and possibly from Indo-China and Hongkong, and to substitute an American economic hegemony. He realized that the United States alone could not fill the vacuum left by the collapse of Japan and the debilitation of France and Britain. To fill the gap, the author concludes, he sought to establish the Soviet Union as America's junior partner in Asia. After the war, the United States would control China and occupy Japan; the Soviet Union would receive territorial concessions from Japan and a share in Manchuria and Korea. The British were to be left out entirely. The war against Japan was mainly an American effort, and the United States had made clear its intention to retain the spoils of victory.

These Russian-American negotiations are here described in detail. For example, Roosevelt was most concerned about the United Nations, believing that Russia would not accept the American voting formula for the United Nations, on which, as he saw, the vision of future peace and stability rested; and at a critical moment in the conference, he at last gained Soviet assent. The author reveals for the first time that Stalin agreed to Roosevelt's cherished scheme in the middle of a heated debate over Poland. He interrupted the debate to express support for Roosevelt on the United Nations, with the consequence that the United States supported Stalin on Poland. Indeed, the United States formulated a proposal on Poland which incorporated Soviet wishes. Hence, America and Russia were in agreement on what emerged virtually intact as the decision of the conference. Moscow gained much of what it had asked for regarding Poland, except the Oder-Neisse line, from which Churchill had to draw back because of the War Cabinet's reaction.

Churchill fought hard to ensure that France should help to maintain the peace in Germany and should be rehabilitated, as sharing Britain's interests against a hostile Russia and a conceivably anti-colonial and hostile America. Roosevelt conveyed privately to Stalin that he opposed the rehabilitation of France, although not with finality. Churchill therefore had to fight for both objects and, in each instance, when the United States agre[…] Union consented imm[…] Roosevelt and Stali[…] harsh peace terms, […] dismemberment of G[…] reparations for Russ[…] issue was resolved by […] question of reparatio[…] difficult, though Wa[…] Moscow differed onl[…] amount.

As *Yalta* shows, A[…] were discussed primarily […]velt and Stalin. The Am[…] delighted with the agre[…] it brought Russia in[…] against Japan, while it […] most of what the Japanese […] in 1905. Moscow was […] Washington's partner in […] Chiang Kai-shek against […] tung. The two powers […] forced each other's aim[…] Far East and Asia, Ch[…] merely informed of the […] having been reached. Th[…] a major contribution to […] of the relations of the […] at the end of the war.

Mourning for a eupatrid

GEORGE PLIMPTON (Editor):
American Journey
The Times of Robert Kennedy.
372pp. André Deutsch. £3.75.

The official mourning for American Presidents who have died "on the field of honour" recalls the elaborate funeral rites, lasting weeks, that accompanied the Most Christian King to his final sepulchre in Saint-Denis. It was Lincoln's funeral that began the greatest American ritual, the long funeral procession from Washington to Springfield; today's solemn entombments use less time, but are symbols of world, not merely national, mourning.

The case of Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy was exceptional. He was a eupatrid but had not been a President. He was an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" and he imposed no sense of national loss as his brother had done. Yet it could be argued that his funeral voyage, from California to New York, to the National Cemetery across the Potomac from Washington, was in many ways more moving than his brother's. His youth, his promise, what began to be known about his role in the Cuban Crisis of 1962, all made him a Marcellus if not a Titus.

This account of the train journey from New York to Washington is both an important document and a record of widespread mourning. There were present in the official audience rivals who were enemies, like President Johnson and Eugene McCarthy. There were the perennial "knockers"; there was the now traditional incompetence of the Pennsylvania Railroad (more incompetence than delibera[…] There were the wiseacre[…] train, the mourners al[…] as the journey was lo[…] by the Penney's […] there were the hundred[…] ands of mourners alo[…] most of them poor and […] tressed; many prosperous […] often bored or cynical […] were the Blacks who […] Kennedy's most devoted […] was the Negroes who […] lamented the death of […] the Republicans […] rejoiced, covertly […] the death of the […] defeated them. Ro[…] no Lincoln, but […] much that is […] life — and the […] frightening […]

[...] mind under attack

[…]YN BRAGG:
The Nerve
[…] Secker and Warburg. £1.90.

[…]vel consisting largely of one […] account of his own nervous […]down is likely to become mono[…]. The narrator of *The Nerve* […]s at one point that he wants […], to hammer into your eyes […]formation that my mind was […] ceaseless attack". Fortun[…] he does not do this. He re[…] on the difficulty of trying to […]s and discuss a situation of […] total incoherence while using […]nt sentences. But William […]ghs's technique is no use to […]nce it encourages the reader […]centrate on the writer's inten[…] rather than his subject-matter. […] best record of incoherence I […] comes in Tolstoy where Anna […]na breaks down. Lucid. […]ent." It is, then, in a lucid, […]nt manner that he tells his […]-but with some resentment, […]he suspects that one cause of […]llapse is a revulsion against a […]le and manner of thought […]ented by connected sentences […] conventionally good education. […] story he tells, combining cre[…] with the unexpected, makes […]od novel better perhaps than […] case-histories would do, since […] memories, characteristics and […]s, taken singly, are all recog[…]le and unsurprising, but do not […]up to a simple, predictable type […]an vulnerable to a well-known […] of ailment. He would like to […] his ailment identified, perhaps: […]ast history suggests that he has […]as been keen to accept roles and labels. But his breakdown—or breakthrough, as he sometimes likes to call it—is something quite new to his experience. Another reference to Tolstoy may be apposite: it is asserted in *War and Peace* that "no complaint afflicting a living being can ever be entirely familiar, for each living being has his own individual peculiarities and, whatever his disease, it must necessarily be a new and complex malady unknown to medicine".

The narrator is called Ted Johnson. Aged 30, he lives alone in Hampstead, working as a General Studies tutor at a technical school. He also writes articles for a quarterly called *The Novel* and occasionally for the review pages of Sunday papers. He comes from Cumberland, where his father was a manual worker and his mother a school secretary. Both his environments, he feels, tend to make him a cliché — Dalesman or Hampstead man. He despises himself for the rather old-fashioned, schoolmasterly way of life into which he has, supposedly, climbed. He recognizes that he is envious and unfairly contemptuous of his schoolfellow, Rod, well-known both as a television producer and as the author of thoughtful documentary novels about Cumberland — as is Melvyn Bragg himself, of course. (This similarity is so interesting that it becomes distracting. A comparison might be made with Edmundo Desnoes's self-disparagement in *Inconsolable Memories*.)

Returning to Ted Johnson, we discover that his girl friends have generally been "women in winter coats" whose spectacles hit his own when they kiss: this side of his life has not been exciting enough for him. One way of exciting himself has been to go drinking in supposedly rough areas, to frighten himself with the prospect of getting into a fight. These facts are relevant to his experiences at the time of his collapse, when he goes to the Hampstead Heath fair with a jolly nurse and is threatened by a tough-looking man who is keen on her. The particulars also indicate the state of his imagination, a general condition of which he is ashamed. He prints the General Confession (Anglican) in full, about the "devices and desires of our own hearts", with "no health in us", and he claims that it makes sense to him now. "Christianity contains metaphors for all of my life. . . If only I believed; but am without grace."

Neither monotonous nor incoherent, the novel is subtly organized to present, in juxtaposition, different periods of his life and different viewpoints than his own, while always concentrating on the day of his collapse and the visit to the fairground. The difficult task of recording his sensations is admirably done: the description of a brain "slipping its moorings" and being dashed around on waves within the skull, of "spools of thought" coming off the brain's projector, of disbelief in the muscles' effectiveness as he moves "jelly-like through jelly" —these metaphors are all the more persuasive for the restraint with which they are used. The descriptions ring true, giving the impression that the narrator is in danger, even as he writes.

On God's payroll

FREDERICK BUECHNER:
Lion Country
247pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.75.

Black comedy and benign intentions do not very often mix well in a novel. Frederick Buechner's success in delivering to us the bizarre and the seamy details of the American backlands, with a weird, curiously absorbing, humour, is plain in almost everything he writes: yet the talent is shared by a host of American novelists of his generation and younger, is emulated in scores of zany *pièces noires* about the Great American Nightmare. Where Mr Buechner differs is in his anxiety to reconcile, in as subtle and unobvious a way as possible, these horrors with a plausible affirmative view. He is a Christian novelist, taking pains to weave into the sick, alarming, ludicrous fabric of his plots some strand of allegory which will, if one listens with care, make the wretchedness bearable.

In his last novel, *The Entrance to Porlock*, the ghastliness somewhat outweighed the hope. It may be his real gain in technical assurance, in his control of an elegant deadpan style, in sheer entertainment value, which makes *Lion Country* so much more satisfying: a strange, serene balancing act which blends successfully at last the satirical talent and the moral purpose.

Its narrator, Antonio Parr, answers an ad for the "Holy Church of God"—"Put yourself on God's payroll"—with the plan of exposing it in an article. The Church is a very believable Florida set-up with a leader, Leo Bebb, who "ordains" everyone who answers his appeals and has a past which includes a conviction for indecent exposure. Parr is, admittedly, none too real: a mild, vaguely artistic drifter who seems part symbol of purposelessness, part foil for Bebb and his entourage: the odd wife, the queer "Rev" Brown, the vamping daughter, Sharon. All these are fantasy creations, but Mr Buechner is as near to the realities of backland religious fanaticism as makes no difference. Parr's twin sister is dying of cancer, but he is still drawn, in spite of his contempt for "Holy Love", into the circle of Bebb's adherents; until the point when Bebb, in blessing a sex-mad tycoon to get at his riches, commits a real and symbolic act of physical exposure. Then Parr marries Sharon, who has previously seduced him.

One takes the Christian point here to be that Parr arrives, despite it all, at a kind of truth: that he cannot expose what willingly stands exposed and that we are all, saint, bourgeois or charlatan, naked in the sight of God. Lunacy, folly and pain must, in the end, be right, because they exist (*The Entrance to Porlock* made all humanity equally normal or defective); there is the subtlest implication of a divine plan. The fine lucidity of Mr Buechner's prose, the pure verve of his humour, the grisly authenticity of his characters and settings make this highly elusive, indeed almost deliquescent brand of Christian philosophy seem not unpalatable but actually convincing. Scant justice is done to the one minor (sexless) do-gooder character, but the swindler Bebb's appealing ability to walk unscathed among the lions in the *Lion Country* wildlife reserve is a nice variation by Mr Buechner on the doctrine of redemption through deliberate sinfulness.

[...]apsed from grace

[…]KER PERCY:
[…]e in the Ruins
[…] Eyre and Spottiswoode.

[…] new novel from Walker Percy […] neither bolster nor weaken his […]tation just keep it running […]gh and level. It's a biggish […] of smallish import, turning out […]e more interesting for its […]entional revelations than for […]domination it offers about pre[…] tendencies in the United States. […]story is set about a decade in […]ture, with politics polarized to[…] two extremes: the Knotheads […] a supercharged version of pre[…]; Republicans, and the Left[…]s are the latter-day Democrats […]ough just how Left they are is […]ade clear, and is only the first […] the crucial things that are not […]clear.

[…] country is falling apart. The […]an who might be able to fix […] Dr Thomas More (a descendant […]e saint) who has invented a […] (the lapsometer — and guess […] the lapse is from) for diagnos[…] psychic conditions and curing […] with a dose of ionization. Dr […] likes women, and has three […]m shacked up with him in a […]t motel where they await the […]lypse, which may, or may not, […] on July 4, the Devil (no kid[…] having pinched the first batch […]duction models of the gadget […]tributed them to the populace […]radise, More's home town. A […]ere could be said about the […]s details and events, but the […] to hold on to is Mr Percy's […] notion of psychic upset: it […]so that we have fallen from, […] is to grace that we must be […]ed.

[…] refer the book's themes back […]w (and we are plainly meant […] this) we find that everything […] be much nearer to being all […] if only everybody would cool […] the mind back in tune with […]ody; and be whole. This is […]ming notion, but unfortunately […]de to do with the problem, […] is to give an account of the […] reasons why things went so […] that people ceased to cool it in the first place. In Mr Percy's future—and therefore in his present—psychic disturbance is anterior to its causes. His future is consequently not only extrapolated and exaggerated, but inverted. In a book that tries to be a diagnosis, the very intelligent Mr Percy has come up with another set of symptoms. It makes you wonder, not to say shake in your shoes, that a man of Mr Percy's equipment and qualifications can seriously propose that Western Man (his own words and capitals, and it should be said that the notion that the American somehow typifies "Western Man" is itself symptomatic) is ungovernable *in the abstract*. The book teems with entertaining eccentrics but has few real characters; the reason being, one fears, that its theme is above all that. What we are offered is not men but Man, and it appears that Man has got to change his head. More, who is a Catholic and knows all about Original Sin, apparently has the qualifications to help him try.

Closely allied to this thesis is the remarkable way in which the book fails to present a credible projection of the actualities of the current American crisis. The politics of its future are not recognizable as American politics at all. One of the things that mark the American present is that the two major parties are, as near enough as makes no difference, united in failing to see that it is American foreign policy which exacerbates domestic upheavals. In Mr Percy's future the two parties are meant to be polarized—and yet a Vietnam-style war (this time in Ecuador) continues to rage. Which party is for, which against? We are not told. Presumably the Leftpapas are against, but be that as it may, in what else does their Leftness consist? Equally puzzling is the total absence of any pressures from the intellectual community, which does not seem to even exist. Is there no draft then?

The whole picture has a dream-like incoherence, and in this resembles Kurt Vonnegut (the late Vonnegut, not the Vonnegut of the un-flashy but carefully thought-out *Player Piano*) more than the SF writers of the 1950s who supplied - supplied through middlemen, the spoof writers of the 1960s the incidental themes and gimmicks which make the book so variously and tiresomely recognizable. For the picture of the consumer-society running to decay the canvas was primed by SF writers like Pohl and Kornbluth. The *affektlos* inability of everybody concerned to judge the import of what is going on was an invention of Terry Southern and has already been raced into the ground by himself and his epigones. Put it together and it adds up to a complete abnegation of thought—the book is riding on the depleted crest of a wave that is already washed up. To see how tired the book is, set it beside the best utopian novel of the 1950s, Bernard Wolfe's *Limbo '90*. Wolfe could not write half as well as Mr Percy, but he isolated his central problems and thought them through.

Nevertheless there are, in *Love in the Ruins*, the incidental pleasures we expect from the author of *The Movie-Goer* (although the hangover of movie-goer themes is not one of them). Mr Walker's descriptive powers have the clinical precision of the creative writing class, but there is no denying their quality of evocation. When he writes about the way a swarm of gnats "hangs over the water motionless and furious, like a molecule" you are honour-bound to tip your lid. Moments like that save this worthy but weary novel from total fictitiousness. Mr Walker is plainly worried about his country, but one of the reasons the rest of us are even more worried is the *way* he worries: he just doesn't seem to see that it is not the business of politics to produce a new man.

H. M. Waidson's *The Modern German Novel*, which was first published in 1959 (and was reviewed in the *TLS* on September 11, 1959), has been revised to cover the period from 1945 to 1965 (168pp Oxford University Press for the University of Hull. £1.75). The critical method is primarily to give synopses of plots, and though there is little new there, is some general information for lay readers.

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True to life

JANE OLIVER:
The Blue Heaven Bends Over All
384pp. Collins. £2.

This is the last of a long series of historical novels written by Jane Oliver (Mrs Helen Christina Easson Rees), who died last May. Her books ranged in time from St Columba in the sixth century to the Young Pretender in the eighteenth century, and most have a background of Scottish history. She did not use the device of inventing a fictitious hero who moved through a historical framework, but rather followed a real man or woman through his or her known career with as great a historical accuracy as possible. As the years passed her books, always popular, always well researched, improved as the characterizations deepened. *The Blue Heaven Bends Over All* is one of the best. It is a novel of the life of Sir Walter Scott, from whose journal the title is taken.

Jane Oliver concentrates more on Scott himself than on his work, which probably fairly represents his present reputation. The heroic figure of the man himself is well known. The young lawyer who wrote first poetry and then novels, both wildly successful, was the best-known literary man of his age, a baronet, the laird of Abbotsford—and then came the dramatic crash. In January, 1826, he rode home "through cold roads to as cold news" to find himself ruined by his involvement in the firms of Ballantyne and Constable. Refusing to take an easy way out, he set himself to work for his creditors for the rest of his life, writing impossible hours to pay off with his own right hand a debt of more than £100,000. In so doing he died.

So much has been recorded by Scott himself, so much has been written about him by his contemporaries and later men (nearly 3,000 items in Dr Corson's bibliography by 1940 alone) that it is possible to reconstruct his life, his opinions, even his conversation in great detail; and this is what Jane Oliver has done, without in any way making the book laboured or tedious. Had she been able to read Edgar Johnson's monumental life of Scott (1970), perhaps a few minor points might have been altered, but they are very few. She finds her way unerringly through the maze of Scott's financial troubles. Perhaps the only part of him she does not show clearly is his enormous prestige, far greater than any other writer ever possessed in his own lifetime, so that it comes as a surprise to read in the novel that when Scott was ill at the end of his life, William IV's government lent him a frigate to take him to the Mediterranean.

Jesus the Rabbi

NICHOLAS ROLAND:
Who Came by Night
223pp. Harvill. £1.75.

Like Par Lagerkvist's *Barabbas*, Nicholas Roland's latest novel deals with the events of the Gospels through the eyes of a minor character, the Pharisee Nicodemus; but, unlike Lagerkvist, there is never any doubt in Mr Roland's mind that Christ was truly the Son of God. So he does not really bother to justify Christ's divinity: he just serves up a few parables and leaves it at that. And though the novel is largely concerned with the doubts of Christ's contemporaries, all we are ever asked to do is sympathize: we are never allowed to feel that they may, after all, have had a point.

Even so, the Jewish establishment gets a much fairer deal from Mr Roland than it ever did from the Evangelists. He shows just how difficult it must have been for Jews in positions of authority to cope with the up-and-coming Rabbi Jesus. The High Priest Annas, for example, doesn't want the woman taken in adultery to be stoned any more than Jesus does; but he has a country to run and believes that Jesus represents a genuine threat to its stability. And though the Pharisee Samuel is so thrilled with the new rabbi's teaching that he considers him to be a greater prophet than Hillel, his own piety forbids him to accept any changes in the Law. Indeed what makes this novel so interesting is that Christ is pushing the ideas of the Jews themselves to the point where they seem to be blasphemous; and only Nicodemus can see that God is asking his people to obey the Law by first breaking it.

By trying to cope with this paradox, Nicodemus suffers a nervous collapse. And, though there is never any question that the Jews were wrong to reject Christ, by the time we have come to the end of this novel we have begun to understand why they did.

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Long, hot summer

HERMANN HESSE:
Klingsor's Last Summer
Translated by Richard and Clara Winston.
217pp. Cape. £1.95.

The summer of 1919 was long and brilliant in the Ticino. Hermann Hesse had just moved into the house at Montagnola where he was to spend the rest of his life. The severities of war were behind him; this exceptional summer emphasized the change to the South, the region where (in the Teutonic imagination) discipline yields to licence, both in nature and in man. Here life is hectic, forms flow, dissolution comes quickly after flowering. Dissolution must have been in Hesse's mind for other reasons too, after the recent death of his father, his wife's insanity. All three stories in *Klingsor's Last Summer* are about dissolution. Two contrast it with duty, as a form of social indiscipline; the third treats it more subtly in relation to the artist's life.

"A Child's Heart" is a reminiscence, thirty years on, about the narrator as a child compulsively stealing figs from his father's desk, knowing it is wrong, not really wanting the figs, acting agonizingly to frustrate his own desire for affection and approval and security. One sometimes wonders if there is any other theme in German literature than the conflict of individual and authority. It is, of course, central to human existence, but art works its wonders on the periphery, shaping the casual indication. From the periphery, the imagination is tempted towards the centre, discovering implied worlds beyond thought. But when, as here in Hesse, symbols are intellectually central, there is no progress for the unconscious. This is a tender tale told from a distance, both remote and obvious, a literary exercise which even explains the child's hidden motivation (and the child's ignorance of this motivation) in case the symbols have not done their job. In the same year another author was writing about a child's heart: for a self-conscious transcription of feeling, read Hesse's story; for a masterpiece of nervous despair, read Kafka's "Letter to his Father".

The second story, "Klein and Wagner", is a variation on Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. Klein is a respectable civil servant who has suddenly broken away from his environment and his respectability. He is a criminal (i.e., the assertive individual) who has stolen a large sum of money and fled to the South (the region of indiscipline), complete with forged papers and revolver (symbol of anti-social passion, the revolver perhaps borrowed from its nail on the blood-red walls of the attic in Musil's *Törless*). Hesse seems to thumb through a thesaurus of instantly intelligible symbols, but readers are not led on by symbols they can immediately understand; they are stimulated by those they cannot understand yet know to be true. Watching Hesse in this story is like watching a competent weight-lifter; one admires his muscles but not his imagination. His hero's death is inherent in the beginning, as Aschenbach's ending, his dissolution, is present always in his dissolute self. The difference between Hesse and Mann comes out clearly in the conclusion of their stories. Klein ends in the water; Hesse literally drowns his hero in the threatening ocean of forms and describes in detail his frenzy of feeling during the suicidal act. One remembers with gratitude the economy of Aschenbach's hardly noticed death on the beach. It is necessary to have a certain sense of humour to avoid making the tragic seem ridiculous.

In the title story Hesse develops the one satisfying feature of "Klein and Wagner"—that sense of kinship with all forms which comes with the melting of the individual boundary. The paradox of extreme individualism is that it leads to the elimination of the individual. The painter Klingsor moves through a succession of blazing summer days, realizing his genius through sensual seizure of experience. Colours and shapes assault him; he enjoys the pleasures of food and drink and women. Hesse's women are from a Romantic dream—the peasant with brown eyes, to be tumbled in five minutes in the heather, or the pale royal figure who proves surprisingly accessible to the hero's desires.

There is fine writing in this story. The violence of colour and temperature (human as well as meteorological) is matched by urgency of prose. Scenes connect obliquely in a satisfying because not immediately comprehensible way. The painter's growing vision of eternal metamorphosis dominates the story. This is the great flowering before decay, so the story is both a lament for transitoriness and an affirmation of continuity, even if Klingsor claims he believes only in doom. Hesse relates this sense of doom to the situation of European man, and interrupts his tale to tell us so. He is in general more successful with nature than with man, presumably because he cannot attribute thoughts to nature, or lines of dialogue like "Come to my heart, you matt dusky green trees!" At the end of this marvellous summer Klingsor paints his self-portrait, which turns out to be not only an image of all men but of all nature too, cliffs and trees and water. This is a fine thought splendidly expressed, an idea which leads on to Hesse's later themes in *Steppenwolf* and *The Glass Bead Game*.

Action in Brazil

ALAN WHITE:
Climate of Revolt
173pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £1.50.

The personalities, aims and aggressions of a single urban guerrilla cell in Rio de Janeiro are dramatized by Alan White in his new book. It is now commonplace to see this kind of novel described as "more than just an adventure story", or thriller, or whatever other genre the book is trying to surpass. Yet that kind of gesture will have to be made here. Mr White uses the contemporary Brazilian situation very boldly, and although he is sufficiently conscious of writing fiction there is a sense in which the novel helps the reader to be aware of what is happening in Brazil. He has written a documentary of the kind in which the characters play themselves, topically instructive at one level, and fulfilling the traditional expectations of a fast-paced action story at the other.

One central event is described, a bank raid, while alternating chapters flash us back into the past and also the revolutionary motives of Mr White's guerrilla characters. Unfortunately, many of these coincide with the reader's anticipations just a little too easily. There is Fernando, a rich lawyer in the liberal cause, drawn towards peaceful means of establishing change; Risdahl, a revolutionary fanatic; Felipe, an opportunist interested in personal aggrandisement as much as the cause; and Joaõ Antonio, a child of the slums whose humanitarian commitment leads to the usual disillusionment. This somewhat stereotyped revolutionary gallery is not allowed to slow the book down. What might rankle the hot-blooded is that the author apparently concludes that violent revolution is not justified in Brazil, even in the climate of viciousness and torture he so harrowingly describes. To twist the words of the song, "There's an awful lot of torture in Brazil".

Dragnet

BERNICE RUBENS:
Sunday Best
253pp. Eyre and Spottiswo[ode]

With *Sunday Best* Bernice ... has come into her own as d... of the damage done by ... their members. There is ... of this being a demonstra... theme than there was i... novel, *The Elected Membe[r]*... understanding of her ... hero is less biased and ... George Verrey Smith, wh... emerges through his own ... and through a sketchy, ... incomplete outsider's acc... goings-on, is a schoolma... forties, joylessly married ... called Joy. The evasive ... of his confessional style ... him at once as unhappy, ... ing and self-conscious, a ... to watching himself act ... what he sees. His appar... invitation to scrutiny is ... vealed as a sham, and the ... cations of his nature is ... meal, riding on gusts of ... bravado: a narrative me... is a clue to his difficulties.

Simply seen, his prob... moment consists of his ... dulged his secret passion ... up as a woman once ... having, in fact, attended ... of his next-door neighbo... and decided to try his ... woman thereafter, in Br... delight in his new, relea... quickly diminished by the ... he's wanted for the m... colleague, so that escape ... new self is as difficult a... his old one was. His ... woven through these often ... described events, which ... return him to episodes in ... infected by hatred of a ... manly father and pity for ... who was demolished by ... band's wretched virility ... sees as the source of his ... murder of his father. ... blurred and uncertain ... he thinks he knows ab... a useful prop to his ... fanciful and self-dramati... of his actions.

Neither the memories ... hood nor the events of ... are there to explain ... man. What is farcical ... implausible, in his life ... viction and consistency ... author's ability to follow ... compulsions rather than ... all view of his personality ... contradictory and ways ... behaviour is more than ... childhood scars, it is part ... to create his own image ... falsify.

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Rituals on the East Side

[TO]M WOLFE:
[Radi]cal Chic & Mau-Mauing the [Flak] Catchers
[...]pp. Michael Joseph. £1.80.

[Tom] Wolfe has developed his own [pecu]liar cipher, a kind of one-man [adve]rtising copy for his home pro[duct]. Willy-nilly we are drawn [into] the game merely to elucidate his Victorian titles. Here, after *The [Kand]y-Kolored Tangerine-Flake [Stream]line Baby* and *The Electric [Kool]-Aid Acid Test*, etc, is a slighter [offer]ing consisting of only two essays [th]e first covering Leonard Bern[stein]'s now notorious Park Avenue [party] for the Black Panthers, the [secon]d recreating those ritual con[front]ations between militants and [bure]aucrats which have become a [disti]nguishing trade-mark of the [pover]ty programme. From New [York] to Mission Street, San Fran[cisco], this thin book bestrides a [conti]nent.

[Th]e rights and wrongs of the [Bern]stein affair need not be revived. [The] conductor was justifiably [ann]oyed at the *New York Times's* [hand]ling of his efforts to aid the [Panth]ers' legal defence fund. Yet [clear]ly he had never reckoned that [he m]ight be sucked into some sort [of p]olitical quagmire, with a back[lash] from left and right as well as a [fier]y blast from the Jewish Defense [Lea]gue; and it is precisely this [para]dox that Tom Wolfe cherishes, [the] parodies that left-wing radical[ism] which indiscriminately embraces [gra]pe-picking Chicanos or Red In[dian]s after years of Andy Warhol [and] the Rolling Stones, while exult[ing] in the right wing chic of Jewish Circles in Scarsdale, Beverly Hills or Park Avenue.

He both defends and exonerates the Bernsteins, that is—their motives were sound, liberal, serious, responsible—while cocking an almighty snook at "the essential double-track mentality of Radical Chic—*nostalgie de la boue* and high protocol" that can entertain Afro hair-styles with Roquefort cheese savouries in a Park Avenue duplex: "Radical Chic, after all, is only radical in style; in its heart it is part of Society and its traditions." The slogan "Mr Parlour Panther", in the end, is inevitably unfurled to flutter in the ironic breeze.

Such is this dazzling piece of trapeze work by the most practised social stuntman of them all. Yet he is equally effective on those bureaucratic dogsbodies or trouble-shooters (the "Flak Catchers") confronting Mexican or Filipino or Samoan bully-boys banging their Tiki sticks. Here he exults in the paradox of another kind of confrontation between rich and poor—the government clerk (lone representative of Washington) and the ghetto mau-mau:

> Subconsciously, for administrators in the poverty establishment, public and private, confrontations become a ritual. That was the way the system worked. By 1968 it was standard operating procedure. . . . To get into the poverty scene, you did some mau-mauing. If you could make the flak catchers lose control of the muscles around their mouths, if you could bring fear into their faces, your application was approved.

What controls this comic gaze, however piercing, is its consistent view of the American scene as a Madison Avenue vaudeville or charade. He presents all comers like shop-window dummies, or admass totems, by the clothes they wear:

> The grape workers were all in work clothes, Levis, chinos, Sears balloon-seat twills, K-Mart sports shirts, and so forth. The socialites, meanwhile, arrived at the height of the 1969 summer season of bell-bottom silk pants suits, Pucci clings, Dunhill blazers, and Turnbull & Asser neckerchiefs.

Or of a government clerk:

> The man's shirt looks like he bought it at the August end-of-summer sale at the White Front. It is one of those shirts with pockets on both sides. Sticking out of the pockets and running across his chest he has a line-up of ball-point pens, felt nibs, lead pencils, wax markers, such as you wouldn't believe, Paper-mates, Pentels, Scriptos, Eberhard Faber Mongol 482s, Dri-Marks, Bic PM-29s, everything. They are lined up across his chest like campaign ribbons.

To sustain this tone Tom Wolfe has increasingly, and quite deliberately, adopted the fey note of gossip columnist or music-hall queer. But moments of rare high humour emerge as he quizzically scans his Hogarthian scene while it drifts from tax-deductible investors' art to non-tax-deductible real-life conservation of leopards, cheetahs and ocelots, as well as Black Panthers, of course. The Comédie Humaine of New York's East Side, blooming from fad to fad, never apparently fails him. Aloof and immaculate he remains, social ringmaster and literary impresario of the greatest circus on earth.

What the clothes say

[NI]K COHN:
[To]day There are No Gentlemen
[...]pp Weidenfeld and Nicolson. [£...]

[Ni]k Cohn's qualification to write [abou]t "The Changes in English[men']s Clothes since the War" is that [he h]as grown up with them. Born in [the] dark days of 1945, before the [dis]posable-nappy revolution in baby [wear], he can recall and record the [...]ches of sartorial development [duri]ng the past quarter of a century. [He] knows the ins and outs, the ups [and] downs of men's-wear. For him [Cecil] Gee made a breakthrough in Charing Cross Road with his [Ame]rican look, while Bunny Roger [...]ght in the new Edwardian [...]:

> [...] brought in colour. Before him, [...] the vogue for brocade waist[coats], the actual suits had all been grey [...]; but now Bunny Roger burst [...] in greens or gold and crimsons, [...] and purples; and he draped [...]lf in accessories and trinkets—[...] grey, curly brimmed bowlers; [...]cles and watch-chains and dia[mond] stickpins; gold-topped canes and [...]tions of varying colours.
> [Th]e effect was stunning but theatri[cal], vaguely music hall, as though he [was] perpetually en route for the [...]are Road Metropolitan, booked [to a]ppear in a sketch about toffs.

Mr Cohn's significant date is [...]. But those who remember [Bunn]y Roger as the exquisite of [Oxford] in 1929 know that the Roger [styl]e had been evolved by then, to [the] fury of drunken hearties. How [odd] that he should have produced [in b]owdlerization the Teddy Boys, [...]tionally so like the toughs who [wre]cked his rooms. Clothes, like [...] furniture, hair and so on, [are] things; and Mr Cohn is acute [abo]ut the different things they may [mean] at different times. The Mods, [for] example, began as "middle class [sub]urban exquisites", narcissists, [and] then grew into a mass teenage [mov]ement in which violence pre[do]minated over obsession with [clo]thes, producing for a time gang [figh]ts with Rockers.

Mr Cohn's difficulty is that [clo]thes, his subject, keep branching [ou]t to the social attitudes of which [the]y are the symbol or being ex[ploit]ed by less or more imaginative [bu]siness trend-setters. Its complexity defeats him. "Fashion", "men's-wear" and even "what do I mean by wearing what?" are so variable. His book provokes thought rather than satisfies curiosity. It contains a lot of information about people like John Stephen, the creator of Carnaby Street, and his successors; about the outrageous "Mr Freedom", creator of Fun Clothes; and about various trendy figures such as Michael Rainey, Rupert Lycett Green, Tom Nutter, Tom Gilbey and Peter Golding. Mr Cohn has tried valorously to show how Savile Row, the better-class composite like Austin Reed and Aquascutum, and chain stores like Hepworth have met the challenge of the boutique, men's or unisex. His book is perhaps the more interesting because of his failure. He had a great deal of information, deeper than gossip, more superficial than sartorial philosophy or economics.

His generalizations are those of a young man. He has a short chapter on hair, as exemplified in the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. He seems to see the various male hairstyles as purely imitations of pop idols. In fact, personal observation leads one to think this is not true. Hair style, like dress style, offers a choice of fantasy. One sees Saxon carls seldom these days, but sixteenth-century Elizabethans and seventeenth-century Royalists not infrequently. The changes in men's dress and appearance today are, thank goodness, greater than they ever have been. Whereas in the nineteenth century there was an orthodoxy (which was only that of being a gentleman among the clerisy) and the heterodoxies of being artist, revolutionary, or simple-lifer, today there is a polydoxy. The young can do their own thing more or less with impunity.

What fills with apprehension anyone who has a sense of history is the thought of what will happen when they grow older? The beard, for example—that symbol of eminent Victorianism in our eyes—was a daring innovation from France in 1855. Dickens grew his beard in Boulogne in July, 1856; and in 1858 Trollope in *Dr Thorne* made high fun of the new fashion for young men. Thirty years later it became the emblem of patriarchal hypocrisy, the face-fungus which concealed the hollow man within.

How terrible it would be if the young today became fixed in the fashions of their youth, stuck for life with Afro hair-styles, with tie-dyed skin-tight jeans and any of the fantasy top-dressings, as today there are seventy-year-old freaks tottering around in the high fashion of the 1920s. It is a subject which perhaps Mr Cohn will consider later. How can men's-wear merchants produce the transition from the fun dressing of the bachelor to the relaxation of the husband and the father? Today, he thinks, no one says in his clothes: "I am English and a gentleman." But the conforming man's clothes say: "I am, or can be, a success."

> In Manchester . . . I met a research chemist, thirty-one years old, who was married and had two children and earned about £40 a week. He didn't follow fashion but owned seven suits, all bought at Burton's, and chose them with care. He thought that they mattered, not as objects but symbolically, and each purchase was a major event. "When I buy a new suit", he said, "it's almost like getting promotion."

But what about the natty dresser who has bought fun or instant fashion? What does he wear when he marries? Is this change in Englishman's clothes since the war merely a bachelor spree before settling placidly for Marks and Spencer's casual wear for weekends?

Tony Palmer's *The Trials of OZ* (275pp. Blond and Briggs. Paperback, 60p) is distinguished by two main points—it is the first book on the *OZ* trial, and it is based on a tape-recording of the proceedings (apart from the judge's summing-up). The priority of publication is obviously an advantage, but this is balanced by the carelessness deriving from the necessary haste of production. The authoritative nature of the quotations from the unofficial transcript is similarly an advantage, but this is balanced by the unreliable quality of the editorial commentary. Mr Palmer, who admires the prosecution though he agrees with the defence, seems to be of the Devil's party without knowing it (and he should know better than to deny that Jane Austen used a pseudonym).

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A special kind of dialogue

DAVID GASCOYNE:
Collected Verse Translations
Edited by Alan Clodd and Robin Skelton
128pp. Oxford University Press. £2.75 (paperback, £1.50).

DAVID GASCOYNE:
The Sun at Midnight
55pp. Enitharmon Press, £4.

David Gascoyne's *Collected Verse Translations* is a substantial though incomplete gathering of his work in this field. It contains principally his versions of French Surrealists, the whole of *Hölderlin's Madness*, and some poems of his own in French. Several pieces are published for the first time; a large number are reprinted from magazines, mostly dating from the 1930s.

The dominant type of translation here is fairly strict paraphrase, directing attention to the original by endeavouring to transport it, body and soul, into another language. There are some illuminating choices of individual words, and a few penetrating interpretations of obscure passages. Yet in the main Mr Gascoyne's renderings go limp from a lack of rhythmic nerve, as if the effort to get the words right had not mingled with an urge (or an ability) to energize the English. The style too is often uncertain, slipping easily into inappropriate archaism.

One cannot deny the historical importance of many of these versions: Mr Gascoyne introduced large tracts of Surrealism into England, in his book *A Short Survey of Surrealism* (1936) and in various reviews. But he is no longer a good guide (though there is perhaps no better). He fails to close with many basic problems, and his cribs are rarely living poems in themselves. The best are no more than highly competent.

Hölderlin's Madness, on the other hand, is not only a quite different kind of "translation", but its quality is startlingly superior. It consists of twenty versions from Hölderlin interspersed with four poems by Mr Gascoyne himself. The latter pieces also figure in the *Collected Poems* of 1965, but the whole sequence may be found only here and in the original edition of 1938. And one needs the whole. Mr Gascoyne rewrote Hölderlin for his own purposes, creating a moving, mature, and surprisingly non-hectic meditation on the modern poet.

It enlarges the scope of translation. We are seemingly more aware now than ever before, in this "age of translation", of its *creative* possibilities. The experiments are numerous and varied. There is the "imitation", where the reworking of the foreign text is a means to the extension of the translator's own poetry. More objectively, there is the making of a new form of poetry—for the use of others—in the language of the translator, as in Pound's *Cathay*; the establishment of a cultural dialogue, of an impersonal bilingual poetry by poet and translator, as in Jacques Roubaud's Japanese-French *Mono no aware* (reviewed here on August 20): the elaboration of multilingual collaborative poetry by writers of different nationalities composing together, in the very important *Renga* recently published in Paris and still lacking an English edition (reviewed here on April 30). And there are the various types of quotation literature. (There is also Louis Zukofsky's *Catullus*, where language is in a state of permanent, not to say chronic, paronomasia.)

Hölderlin's Madness, which Mr Gascoyne called a "free adaptation", is close to Robert Lowell's imitations, and to Roubaud. Like their work, it differs from neo-classical imitation in that the foreign writer who is being used in the new poetry is explicitly present. But the inclusion of Mr Gascoyne's own poems makes the sequence something different again: a special kind of dialogue, a seminal new poetic mode, which has not yet been exploited. It has its weaknesses, which are basically those of the rest of this volume, but its strengths predominate. It is deeply imagined and intellectually alive. Its sounds are full and precise, though at times rather lush. When successful, its rhythms are creative and various, the stresses in the longer lines held and unerringly placed. Five poems in the series have a broken, catastrophic beauty, which is inwardly modern and which also calls up a whole region of the Romantic experience, in Hölderlin himself and in, say, the last quartets of Beethoven. The subtle introduction of Romantic verbal gestures, the shifts of mood and the tuning of the powerful images confirm the poetic intelligence of the writing.

Even considered as translations, many of the adaptations from Hölderlin have their own effectiveness. They fit rather loosely round the originals, but they do live, and they do convey the magnetic force of the Hölderlin vision. Mr Gascoyne also has a number of ways of suggesting the feel of the German without reproducing every idiosyncrasy: for instance, he very occasionally retains the word-order, which seems to be enough to evoke an entire style. (Another means of translating the intractable Hölderlin—or Pushkin, or La Fontaine, or any irremediably alien poet—might be to incorporate into the English some of the original German, or Russian or French.)

Hölderlin's Madness is unc... ably undervalued, one m... say forgotten. Though not a... poem, it remains an admira... to which one ought to return... published when Mr Gascoyne... only twenty-two, a singular... ment; he has arguably writ... ing better. It could be ... contemporary poetry. Its ... cation is an event of some ... ance.

The first, short poem in ... *at Midnight* hints at a ... that accomplishment. A ... tragic statement, it impov... the potent shaping of its ... by the precision of its ... cadences. But the rest of ... lacks both urgency and ... is a series of aphorisms—... title puts it: "Notes on ... of Civilization Seen as the ... of the Great Experimental ... the Supreme Scientist". The ... tion of Christianity in ... alchemy rarely leads to ... vision is quirky rather th... trically wise. The prose-... the density and intensity ... Gascoyne himself defines ... sary to the "ideal aphori... whole, rather self-indulg... prise has a faded 1890s ... perties of the vision—al... sexuality, Satan, Lucifer ... relishing of the forces of ... suggest a footnote to the ... agony. Mr Gascoyne ... much better.

Comparisons

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH (Editor):
Primer of Experimental Poetry
1: 1870-1922.
138pp. André Deutsch. £2.10.

Comparative study of literature is still a neglected field. A combination of the comparative approach with an attempt to draw parallels between literature and the visual arts therefore represents a truly ambitious enterprise. Mr Lucie-Smith is right to point out that few scholarly attempts have been made to examine the common preoccupations of modern painting and poetry, and he is well-equipped to make a start on the problem. Whether the first *Primer of Experimental Poetry* can be considered as more than a tentative start is a more debatable matter.

Mr Lucie-Smith thinks of his collection as "a textbook with illustrations", and feels it has "a greater resemblance to a book about modern art than it has to a book about modern literature". In the sense that the illustrations consistently overwhelm the text, this is true. The period covered by this, the first of three primers, is 1870-1922. The jacket announces that "seven literatures are drawn upon" (Spanish literature is plundered for a single poem by Vallejo), and the thirty-six assembled items range bizarrely from Rilke's First Duino Elegy to Morgenstern's wordless "Fisches Nachtgesang", which looks like nothing so much as a cheese-grater. Mr Lucie-Smith has arranged the material under six headings (Symbolism, Modernism and the Fusion of the Arts, The Language Laboratory, War, Dada, The Vision of the Self, and the Vision of Reality), and the poems appear in parallel text. The dutifully straight-faced translation of Khlebnikov's "Incantation by Laughter" is a strange sight, while Kruchonykh would doubtless see an admission of defeat in the need for a translation of his "Universal Language".

Even a collection as eccentric as this, however, can hardly be expected to illuminate itself by spontaneous combustion, and Mr Lucie-Smith's introductions strike no sparks; in fact they offer only very sketchy information by way of help. Like the Dadaists, Mr Lucie-Smith is "dissatisfied with the idea of literature as something entirely walled-off", but brief indications of which poets ever held a brush or consorted with known painters do not restore our vision of a vital mainstream of life: nor do they make the canvas and the page suddenly equivalent. The matter comes to life only in one example of the work of Kurt Schwitters, who, in translating his own poem "An Anna Blume", feels it necessary to make radical (and almost pathetically quaint) changes in the visual appeal of his images as he strives to carry them over successfully into English. "Anna Blume ist tot" becomes "Eve Blossom has wheels".

While the independent scholarly disciplines are producing such works as Stanley Burnshaw's *The Poem Itself*, Luigi Scrivo's *Sintesi del Futurismo* or even the Expressionist *Menschheitsdämmerung* collection, Mr Lucie-Smith is going to have to give much more than these working notes if this ambitious comparative scheme is to find itself on sure ground.

TWO IN ONE

Stevie Smith

A reprint of *Selected Poems* and *The Frog Prince and Other Poems* in one volume. Both collections were selected and arranged by the author and with exception of a posthumous volume to be published in the Spring of 1972. *Two in One* contains the majority of the poems by which Stevie Smith would wish to be remembered. Illustrated with the author's original drawings. *Cased £2.50, paper £1.25*

Longman

Sounds of Africa

WILFRED CARTEY:
Whispers from a Continent
397pp. Heinemann. £3.25 (paperback, £1.50).

ADRIAN A. ROSCOE:
Mother is Gold
273pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.40 (paperback, £1).

The collected poems of the late Christopher Okigbo, posthumously published this year under the title *Labyrinths*, contain the following memorable couplet:

We carry in our worlds that flourish
Our worlds that have failed. . . .

The present maturity of African writing in English, expressed in the quality of lines like these, is also embodied in them; for this literature has been greatly enriched and advanced by works which might be judged in isolation as artistic failures, complex and arresting though they may sometimes be. Works like Gabriel Okara's *The Voice*, Wole Soyinka's *A Dance of the Forests*, J. P. Clark's *Ivbie* or Okigbo's own *Four Canzones* might be thought to belong in this category. Two recently published works of literary criticism respond differently to that maturity and organize their responses along entirely different lines.

The strength of *Whispers from a Continent* is Professor Cartey's intense receptivity to patterns of sound, echoes, parallels and connexions. As a black Trinidadian visiting Africa for the first time, he approaches the phenomenon of African creativity with a certain initial reverence. As a scholar who has the misfortune to be blind, he listens intently to the voices of that continent, which alone connect him with it. Lacking any visual dimension in his experience of Africa, he compensates by deploying an aural memory of extraordinary reach and depth. This memory develops comparisons and associations which would scarcely occur to anyone who had lived with the poetry less continuously. It is the strength of his fine chapter on *Négritude*, which is the best and most comprehensive piece yet published in English on that movement and its poetry. Too often dismissed by anglophone writers, both white and black, with a certain facile superiority, the poetry of *Négritude* here enjoys a treatment which does full justice to its complexity, eloquence and passion. Léon Damas is a poet who makes a particular appeal to Professor Cartey, and the blazing talent of his first collection, *Pigments* (1937), here receives justice from a critic fully equipped to comprehend a particular kind of Caribbean anger and assertion:

Memory for Damas serves a double function, evoking images of what might have been, but also recalling sharply the degradation that is. And so the poet lives in a daze of yesterdays, a daze brought on by shocks from the cruelties he has experienced.

Professor Cartey follows this comment by quoting these lines from *Pigments*:

Va encore
mon hébétude
du temps jadis
de coups de corde noueux
de corps calcinés
de l'orteil au dos calcinés
de chair morte

Also excellent is his discussion of Soyinka and Clark as dramatists in the chapter "Belief and Man's Faith", which offers the best discussion yet undertaken of Clark's fine verse-play *The Raft*. Professor Cartey is at his most alert and perceptive in writing of the poetry which inhabits his mind so constantly, though he also has some good pages on the Kenyan novelist James Ngugi, whose imagery of light and space is carefully discussed.

Professor Cartey groups the great body of literature he discusses thematically, rather than chronologically or regionally. He is as much at home with francophone writing as with anglophone, and he responds to the whole group of material within each theme in a manner which is sensitive, eloquent and somewhat impressionistic. As a result his writing often lacks the discriminations which would distinguish the excellent from the mediocre, or which would help the reader to trace lines of development within the work of particular authors.

In these respects *Mother Is Gold* has compensating advantages. Adrian Roscoe's involvement with the literature is necessarily less intimate than Professor Cartey's, for the West Indian is using African literature partly as a mirror in which to seek the lineaments of a lost self. By contrast, Mr Roscoe's method is somewhat more ... and he makes more consi... literary critical technique ... approach to each text h... His attention is largely ... the remarkable develo... Nigerian literature over ... fifteen years and he fall... common trap of over... contrast between it and ... literature of *Négritude*, ... which Professor Cartey ... minimize in his search for ... lying unity of imagery (of ... of strongly opposed verti... horizontality, of plunging ... of breaking forth).

Mr Roscoe's somewhat ... method, however, results in ... and persuasive account of the ... opment of Nigerian poetry ... opment which was truly ... in the decade which separ... debay's *Africa Sings* (19... Okigbo's *Limits* (1962).

Hence he is better able ... to one another the "flour... the "failure" of Okigbo's ... His weakness lies in a certa... ency towards banality, as i... mined asides such as, "In ... when political freedom ha... won throughout the ... French West Africa", or ... kindly tells the reader that ... ash are linked but opposed ... He has useful insights ... however, on the poetry of ... Soyinka, which he discuss... more fully and carefully than ... bo's or Clark's. He also has ... chapters on Nigerian political ... ular, and children's writing ... disappointing that in a book ... to Nigerian writing, and publis... 1971, he does not find ... discuss at all such interesti... poets as Pol Ndu, Romanu... Aig Higo, and Okogbule ... All these poets have had ... print for at least six years ... Wonodi's first volume, ... published by Mbari as long ... 1964. On some of them ... once of Okigbo is clearly ... while others have taken ... interest than their predec... traditional song-structure ... and other languages. Mr Roscoe ... thus failed to carry forward ... study of Nigerian literature ... prehend the newest ... writers, and the ways in ... have made use of ... work of the "old" ...

DAVID & CHARLES

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In constant crisis

DAVID CHILDS:
Germany since 1918
208pp. Batsford. £1.50.

ANTHONY NICHOLLS and ERICH MATTHIAS (Editors):
German Democracy and the Triumph of Hitler
271pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.75.

Of books on Germany there seems no end. The urge to explain that country's past and present appears, understandably, to be irresistible. In this stream of books a few are outstanding, others very good, some worthless. There is a fourth category of perfectly respectable works, neither better nor worse than the existing literature but, like a row of filling stations at the exit of a city, adding little to consumer choice.

Germany since 1918 covers its ground competently though not very profoundly. The first five chapters are a straight narrative of events up to 1945, the remaining five hover rather more uneasily between chronology and detailed political analysis. There are, however, two good chapters on East Germany, on which David Childs is an acknowledged expert. The style is a little pompous ("The author remembers as a small boy seeing pictures of the Polish armed forces in the London weekly *Picture Post*, bearing the caption 'Poland Is Ready'") and the conclusion rather anti-climactic: "If the past is any guide to the future, anything could happen." The index and bibliography are good.

The second volume, in contrast, breaks new ground on almost every page. The comparison is slightly unfair. *German Democracy and the Triumph of Hitler* does not attempt a continuous narrative, and it demands some prior knowledge of the subject. It seeks to present the latest research on recent German history, mainly as sponsored by the University of Mannheim and St Antony's College, Oxford; it succeeds brilliantly, incidentally revealing the importance of St Antony's in furthering twentieth-century studies in this country. The theme of the essays is what Erich Matthias terms "the permanent structural crisis of the German state": that lack of consensus, originating in the violent creation of the Second Empire and the uncertain development of its institutions, which placed every important group in the country in a dilemma of loyalties. The problem emerges clearly in the first of Professor Matthias's essays, on the domestic influence of the Versailles Treaty, where he points out that much of the right-wing campaign against the treaty was less a cry for *revanche* than a stick with which to beat Republican politicians. Through this propaganda, as well as the Republican leaders' sins of omission, "the Republic inherited perhaps the strongest internal burden of the Bismarckian Reich, namely the division of the nation into a so-called patriotic faction and one which was denied this attribute".

The democratic parties' weakness in the face of this onslaught is the subject of Professor Matthias's essay on the Social Democratic Party in the Republic, which tells the rather more familiar story of the SPD's inability to transcend the obsession with internal organization and the distaste for political initiative that they had inherited from before 1914. (This failure to adapt to new circumstances was, incidentally, paralleled by the Liberal parties, as Lothar Albertin's informative study shows. They never built up a mass membership, and even the more left-wing Democrats were financially dependent on industry from the beginning.)

The problem of loyalty comes up in a very different form in Tim Mason's essay on the legacy of 1918 for Nazi policy. Like the rest of the Right, the Nazis were enthusiastic peddlers of the stab-in-the-back legend. Unlike the rest of the Right, they attributed the collapse also to the corruption of Wilhelmine society and the blindness of its policy-makers. The preparations for any future war would therefore have to ensure that the morale of the working population did not disintegrate under unfair or excessive burdens. Hitherto the conventional argument has been that the German armaments drive lagged during the first Four-Year Plan because Hitler relied on the Blitzkrieg to keep campaigns short. In Dr Mason's hands the argument is reversed: the limitations of the economy made Blitzkrieg the only option.

Further, the deficiencies of the economy made a war of plunder irresistibly attractive. Both theses, especially the second, are, to put it mildly, controversial: they rest on assumptions about the degree to which the working class was alienated from the Nazi regime which it is difficult to substantiate. But they are suggestive and they are persuasively argued.

In addition to these "think-pieces" the volume contains some valuable monographs. Pride of place among these must go to Anthony Nicholls's thorough study of the Bavarian background in the development of the Nazi movement, which is supplemented by a sensitive piece by Robin Lenman on the role of Julius Streicher in the early party. Hans Boldt's piece on Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution, which provided for presidential emergency decrees, is a stimulating essay in comparative constitutional law.

Medium powers

KARL KAISER and ROGER MORGAN (Editors):
Britain and West Germany
Changing Societies and the Future of Foreign Policy.
294pp. Oxford University Press for Chatham House. £4.

The twelve papers in this volume, six by German authors and six by British, were first presented at a Chatham House conference in 1969 and have since been extensively revised. They are designed to answer two sets of questions. The first, formulated in the traditional vocabulary of diplomatic inquiry, concerns the role of medium-sized powers in the world today, in relation to the super-powers, to each other and, above all, the constantly shifting limitations on any government's freedom of action.

Hans-Peter Schwarz contributes a chapter summing-up Germany's possible roles, emphasizing the German predilection for acting as "an efficiently and pragmatically operating economic power—even though until recently they liked most to *talk* about their role as a divided and frustrated nation". Roger Morgan, aware that Britain has fewer overt grievances, but also less economic flexibility, concludes that Britain's role must be seen "as a function of . . . the overall super-power relationship", which assumes—probably correctly—that Britain can launch few fruitful major initiatives and that Western Europe can go on relying on the American umbrella.

The second set of questions constitute an ambitious attempt to analyse international relations in the light of social science concepts. How do the changes that the British and West German societies have been undergoing affect the policy goals of London and Bonn, and their policy-making institutions? How are governments to cope with the often autonomous involvement of parts of their own economic and social systems with the outside world? Indeed, how far is the state still the author of foreign policy acts, and how far are foreign offices still the principal advisers and executors of such acts?

Some aspects of this interdependence are dealt with more satisfactorily than others. Thus Karl Kaiser's paper on "Interdependence and Autonomy" effectively underlines the anachronism of such widely used terms as "the outside world" in relation to any of the advanced nations. For both Britain and Germany the network of "penetrated systems" constituting Nato, the Western European Union and the EEC, create a diffusion of decision-making centres that show scant respect of frontiers. In economic matters Germany, as a member of the EEC has, of course, even less autonomy than Britain—Professor Kaiser estimates that no more than a quarter of agricultural policy can be determined nationally—but even Britain, faced by the trans-national phenomena of world-wide corporations and reserve currency needs, finds its domestic or defence policies subject to pressures it cannot control. Increasingly, areas of decision-making are defined functionally, issue by issue, not geographically. We are a long way from the world of Sir Eyre Crowe in which "the general character of England's foreign policy is determined by the immutable conditions of her geographical situation".

It is less easy to demonstrate the impact of social factors on policy making and more tempting, when doing so, to engage in deterministic dogmatism. "Anti-communism", Wolf-Dieter Narr argues, "became, alongside a consumer-oriented psychology, the . . . politico-psychological, anxiety-rooted dominant factor" in German policy:

legitimacy as the consensus of those domestic groups addressed by the government's foreign policy, turned into a fossilised mentality, encumbered by tradition. Autocratic foreign policy could almost always count on a security reflex. . . . [Thus] it would follow that the characteristic of foreign-policy decisions, in conformity with that of domestic policy, consists in an anti-crisis policy . . . which "externally" promotes the existing, structurally favoured distribution of interests.

As political criticisms of the Federal Republic these assertions are admissible though they are neither new nor very profound. They should not, however, masquerade as scientific statements, especially when some of them are in the process of being falsified as a result of an electoral verdict. As an explanation of how policy is made, Arnulf Baring's "institutional" analysis, with the emphasis on the Chancellor's initiative, is at least as convincing: "In Adenauer's peak period . . . it seems that West German élite groups felt themselves bound to a single course of action in questions of foreign policy—uncritical, silent support of the Chancellor".

It is inevitable that a symposium which deliberately experiments with rival approaches to a complex subject should not be consistently satisfying; nor is it surprising that some of the more traditional exercises, with better-developed techniques at their disposal, should be among the most impressive: Joseph Fraenkel's, for instance, on the intellectual framework of British foreign policy; and the late Waldemar Besson's German pendant. It is precisely because it contains so much intelligent debate that *Britain and West Germany* lives up to its editors' claims.

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DOCUMENTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION 1770-1783

Edited by K. G. Davies. Twenty volumes (approx). First three volumes to be published in Spring 1972.

America before the Revolution was a violent community, and not all the violence was directed against the British Government. Boundaries between colonies were disputed, making law-enforcement difficult. In lands west of the Connecticut River, claimed by New York and New Hampshire, riots were common place. Pennsylvania in 1770 asked for British troops to repel incursions from Connecticut. On the western frontiers of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, and in eastern Massachusetts, people were moving into unoccupied land faster than magistrates, sheriffs and tax-collectors.

In 1771 the Regulators of North Carolina fought a pitched battle with the colonial militia. Violence towards Indians was answered by violence, the price of rapid expansion. America, away from the seaboard cities, was reinventing anarchy.

On the Atlantic coast, violence was turned against the British administration. British troops were abused, beaten up and provoked into the Boston Massacre, which, wrote the governor of New Hampshire, "spread a flame like wildfire through all the continent". Customs Officers were intimidated and assaulted. Merchants who disregarded the decrees of associations for boycotting British goods risked tarring and feathering. With no political solution in sight, violence escalated into war.

These were some of the problems finding their way to the desk of the Secretaries of State for the American Department, the Earl of Hillsborough (1768-1772), the Earl of Dartmouth (1772-1775) and Lord George Germain (1775-1782), British noblemen with little instinctive understanding of what was going on in America. Their correspondence with British officials, civil and military, in the colonies, and with other British departments of state (Admiralty, War Office, Treasury, etc.) forms the core of the Colonial Office records, preserved at the Public Record Office, London, the principal documentation of the American Revolution from the British point of view.

The Irish University Press series *Documents of the American Revolution* is not a reprint, but a new and original edition of the Colonial Office records relating to North America including Canada from 1770 to 1783. Selections from these records have been printed in the past; this edition is intended to be comprehensive. Volumes of *Calendars* cataloguing every letter which has survived in the Colonial Office records, will be issued simultaneously with volumes of *Transcripts* in which documents of outstanding interest will be printed in full. Volume I, the *Calendar* for 1770-1771, and Volumes II and III the *Transcripts* for 1770 and 1771, will be published in Spring 1972. Each volume will be comprehensively indexed. The series is expected to be completed in about twenty volumes. The editor is K. G. Davies, whose acquaintance with the Colonial Office records began in 1947 when he was an Assistant Keeper at the Public Record Office. During his subsequent appointments as lecturer at London University, Fellow of an Oxford college, and Professor of History at a British university, he edited the British *Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies*, and from 1960-1967 the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society. He is also known for his writings on the history of the slave-trade.

FACSIMILE OF GENERAL ORDERS ISSUED BY GENERAL BURGOYNE DURING THE SARATOGA CAMPAIGN, 1777

With an introduction by K. G. Davies, editor of I.U.P.'s *Documents of the American Revolution.*

This manuscript copy of General Burgoyne's general orders for the Saratoga campaign of 1777 was discovered at Castletown House, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, Ireland. Castletown was the home of Thomas Connolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and was visited by General Burgoyne in 1783.

Beginning with orders for 9 June, 1777 and ending with the army's surrender, the manuscript makes good certain sections missing from the version published in 1860.

K. G. Davies makes a critical assessment of the manuscript in his introduction, evaluating its relationship with other versions as well as commenting on its value to historians of the American Revolution.

GEORGE BRYDGES RODNEY
LETTERS RELATIVE TO THE CAPTURE OF SAINT EUSTATIUS, 1781

With an introduction by K. G. Davies, editor of I.U.P.'s *Documents of of the American Revolution.*

Admiral Rodney (1719-1792) published these letters and orders to defend his actions in the Caribbean naval campaign of 1781. His confiscation of British, as well as enemy property in the captured Dutch colony of Saint Eustatius has been condemned by Burke in Parliament and led to lawsuits dragging on for years. His decision not to attack the French fleet off Grenada in June 1781, at a critical moment in the American Revolution, contributed to Britain's defeat at Yorktown.

First published privately, the work was enlarged by Rodney in 1789. This volume is a facsimile of the 1789 edition, with a new index and a critical introduction by K. G. Davies.

Orders and Enquiries: 81 Merrion Square, Dublin 2

IRISH UNIVERSITY PRESS
SHANNON—IRELAND

Necessary cruelties

JOHN VYVYAN:
The Dark Face of Science
207pp. Michael Joseph. £2.25.

The Dark Face of Science is a vigorous condemnation of vivisection. Its style is clear, its purpose compassionate, and it will convert many readers to the view that all forms of experiment on living animals should be abolished.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, public feeling against vivisection began to emerge and was fomented by the pioneer anti-vivisectionists whose work is described in this book. Bernard Shaw, Louise Lind-af-Hageby, Liesa Schartau, Frances Cobbe and Stephen Coleridge are the well-known names here. Also that humourless Plymouth Brother, Dr Walter Hadwen, who, apparently identifying his own will with that of the Almighty, spent his life inflicting, rather than bestowing, good works on his fellow men. John Vyvyan praises the struggles of these stern zealots and proclaims himself uncompromisingly of their ranks. He denies that vivisection can do much to save human lives or alleviate suffering but, even if it could, he would still condemn it, because if it advances human knowledge it does so at the expense of human character. It brutalizes the scientist and his society.

From experiments on animals the step to human vivisection is fascinating and easy. The Nazis took it and the author spares us nothing in recounting the horrors of Auschwitz and Ravensbrück. As he tells of abuses of animals and atrocities perpetrated on men and women in the name of science, he offers many wise comments: "The growth of knowledge is certain, but there can be few more dangerous illusions than that of the inevitability of progress"; "The advance of science, so far from assuring the advance of civilization, may constitute the chief temptation, almost a compulsion at times, to behave barbarically". Platitudes, perhaps; but platitudes for all seasons.

The Dark Face of Science is written with passionate conviction but, despite its marshalled facts, it is basically emotional in tone. Science, says Mr Vyvyan, must obey the commandment "Thou shalt not twist the facts". Yet in a subtle way, perhaps unconsciously, this is what he has done. He quotes extensively from anti-vivisectionist writings, scraping the barrel for nauseating episodes to illustrate his points, but he never allows the vivisector an adequate reply. At the famous "Brown-Dog" libel trial, in 1903, the *Daily News* supported the anti-vivisectionists, the *Morning Post* spoke against them. Mr Vyvyan quotes lengthily from the first while ignoring the second. He speaks of "uncounted millions" of animal experiments performed annually, but nowhere makes it clear that a high proportion of these are simple feeding experiments on rats or mice. In 1963 the Littlewood Committee was charged to investigate the state of experiments on living animals. Mr Vyvyan says: "The Report of the Littlewood Committee will not be analysed here." Why not? Perhaps because it strongly refuted his assertions, as when it recorded:

> We have been greatly impressed with the prevailing standards of humanity and with the condition of the animals we have seen. We have seen no foundation whatever for any general suspicion, let alone sharp criticism, of the concern of licensees for their animals.

In the Scott-Henderson report (1949) public misconception about animals was also discussed, but again the author skates around it.

Clearly this is far from being an impartial book. It refers to Aldous Huxley's view that the world is an organism whose welfare depends on beneficent interaction between its parts. But 3,000 million years of evolution have not worked [...] and man is merely the [...] most successful arrival [...] where innumerable living [...] have competed with each [...] the means of life. Man, no [...] all other species, is compe[...] cannot opt out of the strugg[le] [...] interests must often clash [...] of other animals. He exp[...] to survive: by breeding [...] food, by harnessing them [...] plough, by disrupting their [...] or by using rhesus monke[ys] [...] his own children from dying [...] A principle far broader tha[n] [...] tion is involved. In a world [...] two-thirds of our species [...] squalor and malnutrition [...] afford to condemn inten[sive] [hus]bandry, battery farming, the [...] of rats and the eradic[ation of] mosquitoes?

Evolution has decreed [...] can inflict his will on other a[nimals] [...] Should we not be grateful [...] and, where there is a co[nflict of] interests, acknowledge that [...] the power, the duty and the [...] win? But having this power [...] an obligation to use it merci[fully] [...] are right to put the welfare [...] own children before that of [...] toads. We need not mawkish[ly] [...] this but let us cultivate a [...] awareness of what cruelty [...] avoid it, no less for its own [...] effect on us than for the r[...] brings to the defenceless vic[tims] [...] may be a more realistic aim [...] emotionally based reforms [...] the anti-vivisectionists and [...] true interests of lower ani[mals] [...] be better served thereby [...] exploitation can be practi[sed with] compassion.

Many people, includ[ing] [...] Vyvyan, will strongly dis[agree with] this point of view. Perha[ps] [...] need another thousand [million] mouths upon this plane[t] [...] collapsing hygiene of g[...] population, before human[s] [...] forced to distinguish sens[e from] sentimentality.

The past of futurology

JACK LINDSAY:
Origins of Astrology
480pp. Muller. £4

In conception, *Origins of Astrology* requires no more of an apology than do histories of the more reputable sorts of human folly. There is ample evidence that astrology held the Greek and Roman world—to take the supposedly more sober end of antiquity—in a grip at times as strong as that of the better-known religious cults. As an historical theme, this has been relatively neglected by English writers. The hard astronomical core of astrology has perhaps deterred those who would have called it trivial, but its character did not fit well with the English image of a classical world of Greek philosophical purity and Roman practicality. There have been excellent studies in French and German, the best of them limited in scope. Perhaps the most extensively quoted is Bouché-Leclercq's *L'Astrologie grècque*, which is still, more than seventy years after its publication, the best general study of astrology in any given culture. Numerous linguistic frontiers have obstructed the way to an original and comprehensive history, and scholars such as Sachs, Cumont, Boll, Gundel and Neugebauer, have for the most part occupied themselves with problems of restricted scope. A synthesis of their writings has long been overdue.

Jack Lindsay at times begins to look as though he might satisfy this clear need, at least at the level required by those with less than a lifetime of scholarship to spare. His criteria for inclusion are suitably loose, and particularly so when at the outset he looks into the practice of divination from an examination of animal entrails. In the long book which follows, he finds a place for most of the topics scholars have discussed—which is saying a great deal. Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome are all given a due proportion of space. Perhaps the most cogent sections are those on astrology as it related to political life in Rome—which, needless to say, are the best documented. The remainder is a somewhat rambling compendium of astrology, magic and divination generally, filled to the brim with curious and even unfathomable human activity. Any underlying rationale which there might have been is left regrettably obscure. There are some hints of the remarkable astronomical support provided in antiquity for astrological doctrine, and even occasional attempts to explain it, but seldom are they altogether cogent or even self-sufficient.

Origins of Astrology has few bold historical generalizations, but one of these is in its opening sentence: "Astrology arose in Babylonia, but it needed to fuse with Greek mathematics before it could make a decisive advance." By suitably defining the force of the words "needed", "could" and "advance" this thoroughly misleading claim might no doubt be defended; but it does less than justice to Babylonian mathematics, while exaggerating the mathematical content of Greek astrology. Ptolemy's *Tetrabiblos*—which although little discussed by Mr Lindsay was at the apex of Hellenistic astrology -- contained remarkably little which could not have been easily accommodated by Babylonian mathematical astronomy, with or without the algebra which, by some stretch of the imagination, the Babylonians are said to have had. As an historical compilation of astrological lore, the book inevitably raises many historical problems, but only occasionally hints at some of the solutions. Authorities are named, for those with perseverance enough to find their way first through the end-notes and then through the bare bones of a bibliography. (The sources of the frequently indifferent illustrations are not indicated.)

There is merit in the author's translations, which usually read as though rendering the word[s of] men, rather than of univer[...] And there is modernity wit[h] [...] ence in a short final chap[ter] [...] simplistic dogmatism ta[...] from what, until then, has [been] straightforward narrative [...] Those misguided souls who [fol]lowed the "purely quantit[ative ana]lysis emerging from Gali[leo and] Newton" and who have [...] "that cause equals effect [...] action and reaction are e[qual and] opposite", are now castig[ated for] overlooking what a child co[uld see,] namely "that if these laws [were uni]versally applicable, there [would be] no universe"!

This is all part of the softe[ning] [...] In preparation for the final [...] post-Galilean scientists hav[e been] more blinkered than the astr[ologers] [...] But there is hope! Do we n[ot see] some sort of vindication of the [...] rocosm/microcosm distinction [...] molecular biology, and is the [...] of rays, waves, fields and "[...] of emanations" not that of m[...] hydrodynamics? With one [...] ill-understood analogies of th[...] purporting to show that a fu[...] thesis of acceptable science [...] "incomparably closer to the [...] view of the astrologers than [...] of the mechanistic theses fr[om the] seventeenth century on to the p[resent] day", Mr Lindsay ends [...] neither necessary to an [...] historical book, nor worthy [...] But the astrologers will love [it].

John Glasby's *The Varia[ble Star] Observer's Handbook* (21[...]pp. £2.25) is [...] wick and Jackson, [...] theoretical sequel to his [...] *Variable Stars*. It [...] various types of variable [...] describes methods of obs[ervation] [...] especially the estimation of [...] ness and colour. The [...] to plot a light curve [...] clearly explained. The [...] found useful by [...] amateurs.

Criticism in the cause of conversion

G. WILSON KNIGHT:
Neglected Powers
Essays on Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Literature.
515pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.25.

[G]. WILSON KNIGHT's large col[l]ection of essays is possibly the [la]st we can expect from one [of th]e most original and influential [mo]dern English interpreters and [...]ts of English literature; of his [...] it is the only volume devoted [...]y to modern literature, if we [...] "modern literature" as having [ro]ots in the Romantic period. [In] considering Professor Wilson [Knight]'s general arguments and [...]d interpretations, something [...] to be said about his pervasive, [n]ot sufficiently acknowledged, [influen]ce on the general critical [...]e of his time. It might crudely [be sai]d that, for most teachers of [Englis]h literature, he has been a [...] whom it has been good to [learn] from, but imprudent to [...].

[T]his critical writings, though [...] brilliantly illuminating, are in [...]e a spiritual autobiography, [...]one that has something in [comm]on not only with St Augus[tine] but also with Rousseau's. He [...] to convert; and he has no [inhibiti]on in revealing his innermost [convicti]ons. Thus one reason why his [influen]ce has been pervasive but [...], an underground influence, [...] a doubt, felt by many even [his] warmest admirers, whether [...]ture" in any of the ordinary [sense]s of that word is what he is [...]ly concerned with.

[It] is not that Professor Wilson [Knight] cannot, when he wishes, [produ]ce perfectly satisfactory [...]ight" literary criticism. His [essay] on *All's Well That Ends Well* [revea]led the richness of a play that [had] been dismissed as a comparative [failu]re; and a Stratford production [a fe]w years ago showed that, [tou]ched with insights such as [thi]s, it is a first-rate acting play. Of [rec]ent productions of *Hamlet*, [Stra]tford and the Nottingham [Play]house respectively, the first—[...] its schizophrenic Hamlet, [...] healthy and robust Danish [...], its capable, dignified [...] sympathetic Claudius, its [...] sadistic murder of [...] and the shock-treatment [...] by Claudius, stripping [...] of his black monk's robe [pu]nching him in the stomach—[...] not in detail, very much in [the s]pirit of Professor Wilson [Knight]'s interpretation; while the [Notti]ngham production, a very full [...]ard intelligently acted, might [have] been based on the critical [...] at the back of the Variorum [...].

[An]other example of Professor [Wilso]n Knight's genius for discover[ing] insights is his treatment of [*Peric*]*les, Prince of Tyre*—"the [mould]y tale of Pericles", as Ben [Jonson] sourly described it—a treat[ment] which profoundly impressed [...] Eliot. The storm scene, the [brothe]l scene, the recovery of Peri[cles fro]m madness, and his recogni[tion of] Marina are recognized as [...] Shakespeare's finest writing; [...]e first part of the play seems [...] written, and the structure [...] in the sense in which [...] is the opposite of dra[matic.] Professor Wilson Knight has [...]ritten a magnificent defence [of an]other poor relation among the [lat]e romances, *Cymbeline*, [...] writing, of which Shake[speare] is full, never worries Professor Wilson Knight. With all his great interpretative gifts, he lacks the faculty for stylistic discriminations: a lack of which can in a perverse way help in the interpretation of Shakespeare. Shakespeare could write great poetry in his plays but, as Samuel Johnson noted, he rarely keeps it up for more than ten lines at a time; he was a great dramatist who happened also to be a great poet, and when rhetoric or even rant (as in the bloody sergeant scene at the beginning of *Macbeth*) will serve his dramatic purpose as well as intense and thrilling poetry, rhetoric or rant will do.

It is Professor Wilson Knight's indifference to style as such that enables him in *Neglected Powers* to do justice—many may think more than justice—to John Cowper Powys. Powys was never a consciously elegant stylist; it might be felt of him, as Eliot felt of Hardy, that he sometimes writes abominably, sometimes greatly, but never well. Yet he had a far grander and wider imaginative conception of life than his brother T. F. Powys who was the finer stylist: and it is to this conception, not to the minor failures in detail, that Professor Wilson Knight always responds. The earlier essays on John Cowper Powys included here will be found, by many readers, profoundly embarrassing. But the concise study of Powys's *Owen Glendower* in the section called "Totalities" will convince them that here is a possible masterpiece whose 2,000 pages they must at some time tackle.

It is this comparatively short section which contains most of what might be called the "straight criticism" in *Neglected Powers*. There has been much good critical writing on Tennyson in recent years, but Professor Wilson Knight's comparatively brief essay is a necessary addition. The approach is thematic, but to say that his faculty for stylistic discrimination is not highly developed is not to say that he lacks the scholar's ability to identify an author by his style. When in 1954 Eirene Skilbeck, then editor of *The Twentieth Century*, showed Professor Wilson Knight an unsigned poem, "The Christ of Ammergau", which she had found among the papers of her grandfather, James Knowles, the founder of *The Nineteenth Century*, he at once identified it as by Tennyson: a judgment of course based on theme and mood as well as mere style, and since supported by Christopher Ricks—a close textual scholar of a type which Professor Wilson Knight has never claimed to be.

The third essay in this section, on the poetry of Francis Berry, has aroused much controversy. As a critic, Professor Berry has attracted admiration, particularly for *The Poet's Physical Voice*, where he sees the timbre and pitch of the poet's voice as determining his genius; the poem as an exercise in sound-sense, in which the possibilities of sound determine and even precede, both for the poet and his audience, the possibilities of sense. Crudely, we are captivated by the noise a poet makes (and so is he) before we begin to wonder, or he does, exactly what he is saying. As a poet, Professor Berry himself is in the epic rather than the lyrical tradition; expansive in an age of concentrated poems, Dionysian in an age in which even poets like Robert Graves, Dionysian in theory, are Apollonian in practice. The voice of his poems does not seem what Graves said once the voice of a poet should be, a natural speaking voice—though again those who have talked with Professor Berry, or heard him lecture, will know that the voice of the poems has strong affinities with his own very interesting and unusual speaking voice.

Professor Wilson Knight makes none of these points: they are worth making here because, without bearing them in mind, some of the passages he quotes may seem to touch, and indeed to topple over, the verge of rant and stridency. Professor Berry is a violent poet, and yet a poet with an extraordinary range of geographical, historical, and human sympathy, one who has the ability "to enter into objective forms and persons" or, in his own phrase, to identify with a wide range of characters, places, situations, in a way that lets "the external objects remain dominating and unmodified". Even so, most readers will feel that Professor Wilson Knight pitches his claims rather high. Even if we discount Eliot as being essentially American and Yeats as being essentially Irish, is Francis Berry, as a "national poet", "the greatest of all who have written within the present century"? Greater than Hardy, say, whom G. M. Young called "the last of the English"? But Professor Wilson Knight's controversial essay may, as in Powys's case, obtain for an important and neglected writer some of the attention he deserves.

It is not such articles as these that make critics a little shy of tackling this important volume. Nor is it, probably, the long, rambling, but rich introductory essay—a short book in itself—called "Poetry and Magic". It is more likely to have been the two central sections: "Obscenities" and, much less controversial, "Spiritualities". Professor Wilson Knight is, in a literal sense, a Spiritualist, reads Spiritualist weeklies, and feels that they contain much wisdom. There is a strange difference between such a stance and having been, like Yeats, a member of the Order of the Golden Dawn and alluding to "profound McTaggart" who "thought that substance might be composite".

English readers are great snobs; Yeats seems, if anything, nobly mad and McTaggart was, after all, a reputable speculative metaphysician. Spiritualism, in Professor Wilson Knight's sense, seems too much like a perfectly respectable backstreet religion, as if he were a Christadelphian, a Mormon, or a Jehovah's Witness. He seems to take it, in a sense, too flatly and prosaically. Again, agnostic critics are perfectly willing to find latent Christian symbolism in apparently agnostic authors, but it is slightly disconcerting to be told that Christian symbolism, taken neat, is mainly interesting to the interpreter as a set of hints at a kind of cosmic truth-system much wider than anything in orthodox interpretations.

The obscene and the mystical are two categories of experience which seem, in a sense, to fall outside literature as such. Speaking not morally but aesthetically, the obscene—the obsessionally obscene—seems to belong to a category of experience which should be kept behind the scenes, as not properly expressible in literature. The mystical, in the highest sense, is precisely that which aesthetically cannot (as the obscene aesthetically should not) find adequate expression in literature.

The two categories can, of course—as was seen not only by Professor Wilson Knight but also by William James in *Varieties of Religious Experience*—be intimately linked with each other. St John of the Cross and St Theresa both express their highest mystical intuitions in imagery drawn from orgasm; Crashaw's great poem on St Theresa is a highly erotic poem. We accept all that as, since Mario Praz, we accept the idea that Sade had a profound influence on French (though not, until Swinburne, on English) Romantic and post-Romantic literature.

Some kinds of sexual imagery, however, are more disconcerting than others. An essay called "John Cowper Powys: Mysticism and Masturbation" is still, by its very title, a little embarrassing. Powys apparently, until his extreme old age, found his only real sexual pleasure in masturbation accompanied by sadistic fantasies of a really appalling kind. And in dealing with Byron and with Lawrence, for instance, and with Colman's brilliant imitation of *Don Juan*, *Don Leon*, Professor Wilson Knight shows a special interest in two kinds of sexual obsession about which the most liberal-minded readers may feel a little queasy: homosexual and heterosexual sodomy, the anal obsession. He has little difficulty in making a strong case that both were interests of Byron in his life and that the second, at least, was a recurrent interest of Lawrence in his writing.

It is odd that this should still disconcert in the days of *Oh! Calcutta!* and so much else. What does disconcert is perhaps the calmness with which Professor Wilson Knight talks about it all—a strange accepting innocence. But there is also something else: he argues strongly for Colman's real talent, yet *Don Leon* is a poem with one obsessive subject. One can still say that *Don Juan* is a much greater poem than *Don Leon*: very improper, flippant, and shocking, and precisely so because it is nowhere obscene because, whatever is true about his life, Byron as a poet is interested in the part or the parts poetically rather than physically, and similarly interested in the whole or in wholes (rather than, like Colman, in the hole or the holes). The English language is embarrassingly full of homophones.

And if Lawrence's bisexuality, which he tried to cover up, though fortunately without much success, as in the Gerald/Birkin relationship, lies at the root of his genius, is his anal obsession not, at the most, an offshoot of this? He would not, as in the famous *Lady Chatterley* purple passage, have been so covertly interested in heterosexual sodomy if he had not instinctively recoiled (the wrestling match in *Women in Love* is not, even covertly, a sodomitic episode, though it has obvious implications of mutual masturbation) from homosexual sodomy? One cannot help feeling that to inquire thus may be to inquire too curiously.

And so, more broadly and less embarrassingly, about the Spiritualism. Professor Wilson Knight's hero, Owen Glendower, says in the first part of *Henry IV*: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." The testy Englishman, Harry Hotspur, himself a compound of the spirits of earth and fire, replies pertly: "But will they come when you do call for them?" Professor Wilson Knight's spirits will come sometimes, but not always. Hotspur, a creature of this earth, though also what Professor Wilson Knight might call a "seraph" type, is perhaps a greater witness of Shakespeare's genius than the late, strange Ariel. These our actors were, no doubt, all spirits, but it is Shakespeare's genius which makes us feel that they were also men like ourselves. Whatever lies beyond the curtain does lie *beyond*, and is not open to very much investigation, both imaginative and realistic, as what lies on this side of it is.

It is a pity that Professor Wilson Knight's own other-worldliness makes him sometimes seem to rank, say, Eliot, Masefield, and Colin Wilson and student rebels and Spiritualist magazines more or less on a level as equal witnesses to cosmic truth. In this world, at least, some writers are grander, more cogent, more impressive—as artists, as observers—than others. Yet the very strangeness of Professor Wilson Knight's obsessions is perhaps inseparable from his undoubted insights.

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Relics of the past seen from afar

RICHARD H. MARSHALL, Jr. (Editor):
Aspects of Religion in the Soviet Union 1917-1967
489pp. University of Chicago Press. £8.65.

Were a book like this to be published in the Soviet Union, the title would probably be amended to *Survivals of Religion*, for the phrase is ubiquitous in Soviet usage. Its implication is that, in Soviet society, religion is a temporary phenomenon, a relic of the past. If it still survives, like some rare eagle, it is contrary to expectation. For reasons of prestige, the state offers the relic conservation and display facilities. It hopes for it to be tamed. Meanwhile, it relentlessly pursues any specimens that are encountered in the wild.

For more than half a century an unprecedented effort has been made to exterminate, as well as to muzzle, the species. But the prey—less eagle, perhaps, than phoenix—has proved peculiarly elusive. And during all this time (to borrow Carlyle's phoenix imagery), "Creation and Destruction proceed together; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin themselves".

This mysterious phenomenon has been comparatively little studied in the West. Even less has it been understood. *Aspects of Religion in the Soviet Union* (a kind of Festschrift for Dr Paul B. Anderson) provides sure evidence of a new seriousness, a new professionalism in its study. It also underlines, in its own way, various reasons why it is so difficult to understand.

In the comparatively recent past, the lack of specialists in Soviet (even in Slavonic) studies, in conjunction with what the editor terms "the widespread, albeit anachronistic habit of regarding the study of religion per se as the prerogative of the divinity schools" tended to frustrate the development of studies in this field. The current tendency to invoke the aid of sociology (at the cost of losing some of the vital disciplines and insights of the divinity schools) involves new frustrations, as well as new, impressive gains. As two of the authors independently point out, religious observance is "inherently difficult to quantify" and "even to tabulate external signs of religious expression, difficult as this is, can be especially misleading in the Soviet Union".

Exceptional sensitivity, as well as field work, are needed in the attempt to assess the extent and potency of religion in the Soviet Union, where so much is elusive, so much kept unrevealed. No Western scholar, however sensitive, can hope to undertake any systematic fieldwork (a fact that lends a curiously distant air to many of the contributions in this book). His Soviet counterpart, who often lacks the necessary sensitivity, has only recently begun his fieldwork. And although some of his individual findings may be of interest (Klibanov's symposium, *Konkretnye issledovaniya sovremennykh religioznykh verovanii* of 1967 comes to mind), in general, to quote another of the contributors to *Aspects of Religion*, "the occasional local surveys conducted by Soviet institutions suffer from dilettantism and ideological bias, and from the understandable reluctance of the unknown proportion of believers to identify themselves as such".

Even an apparently straightforward discipline such as law presents its difficulties. Apart from the fact that, often, "expediency prevails over conformity with the law", the laws (themselves often lacking in precision), are constantly being modified by oral or unpublished directives: as Alexander Bogolepov points out, "state law grants extraordinarily broad discretionary powers to the governmental organs responsible for the supervision of religious institutions".

The scholar concerned with religion in the Soviet Union does not even have the comfort of any convenient, comprehensive periodization. One thing that emerges forcibly from this book is the discrepancy between the timing of developments in various religious bodies. Indeed, as Andrew Blane indicates in a vigorous and closely argued paper on "Protestant Sectarians in the First Year of Soviet Rule", even those elements of Soviet religious policy which seem immutable and which are commonly applied to all religious groups can have distinct meanings in different communities because of the peculiarities of their prior historical experience.

Thus, the Orthodox Church (seen as the ally of the old establishment) was to be combated from the start. By contrast, the Protestant sectarians (the victims of the old order) were seen at first as potential allies in the construction of a socialist society—so much so (and Dr Blane could well have cited the incident) that Lenin and Bonch-Bruevich, in the summer and autumn of 1921 when secular collective farms were meeting with scant success, promoted a plan for the re-immigration of Russian sectarians from the New World because of their proven success in communal farming. Similarly, the Muslims were treated carefully in the period 1917-20; the campaign against Islam was not finally intensified until 1928, by which time the Orthodox Church had already spent a decade under extreme pressure.

The task of the investigator is also rendered more complex by the fact that a religious (or, indeed, ethnic) body does not necessarily receive the same treatment everywhere. The Catholics of Kaunas live under different conditions than those of the Catholics of Moscow or Lvov. The Jews of Georgia are more favoured than those of Birobidzhan (Georgia, with perhaps 2.5 per cent of the Soviet Jewish population, houses no less than 20 per cent of Soviet synagogues). Some of the more specific of the articles in *Aspects of Religion* give fascinating evidence of such local variations.

The more specific articles are also the most rewarding. Dr Blane's paper has already been mentioned. Equally distinguished is Joan Delaney's contribution on "The Origin of Soviet Antireligious Institutions", which deals principally with the years 1923-26. The subject sounds unpromising, even improbable, yet Dr Delaney offers valuable insights not only in the field of religion (or rather, anti-religion) but also in the field of Party history. Zvi Gitelman's paper, "The Communist Party and Soviet Jewry", with its intriguing discussion of the Party's Jewish Section (*Yevsektsiya*), provides it with a worthy pendant.

Rather few of the papers, though, reach the level of these three. Some are informative, although prosaic: such are the contributions by Joshua Rothenberg and Alexander Bogolepov on the legal status of religious bodies, or by Alexander Veinbergs on religion in the Baltic states. A few are too diffuse to be of serious interest: an article by J. J. Gapanovich on the religion of the Siberian tribes, and (particularly unilluminating and pretentious) a contribution by George L. Kline on the potentially important question of "Religious Themes in Soviet Literature".

The title of the book is cautiously chosen to forestall criticism of its uneven coverage. It "makes no pretense at being comprehensive", as the editor explains. Even so, a book of this size (and price) leaves some curious lacunae. Most surprising of all is the absence of any contribution on Protestantism in the non-Baltic areas of the Soviet Union—as the result of recent efforts (by some of the contributors, among others) this is now a well-documented subject. Less well documented, less explored, and therefore all the more important, is the subject of the various Old Believer groupings. As it is, the Old Believers gain four references in passing, and no more. In a different category, since almost entirely unexplored as yet, is the subject of the various Renovation movements sponsored by the Party in the 1920s not only in the Orthodox Church but also (as various of the authors note briefly) in Islam, Judaism, Buddhism, and the Armenian Church. This book whets one's appetite for a comparative study of these movements.

The book is provided with a valuable appendix of translations, "Soviet Religious Law as [illegible] ary 1, 1968", and a curio[illegible] bibliography, which is by [illegible] free from error. Nor are [illegible] dual contributors imm[illegible] occasional factual mistake[illegible] Metropolitan Sergii was [illegible] chal locum tenens: he [illegible] vice-locum tenens until the [illegible] penal exile of the [illegible] tenens, Metropolitan Pet[illegible] Not *all* the theological [illegible] closed between 1918 and [illegible] from the Renovationist [illegible] Leningrad and Moscow, [illegible] the Orthodox Theological [illegible] organized in Petrograd [illegible] by the dedicated Fr Nik[illegible] until about 1928. Then [illegible] Orthodox churches open [illegible] not six.

Among several mispri[illegible] serves immediate correct[illegible] important for the letter of [illegible] cos Christopher II of [illegible] Patriarch of Constantino[illegible] to be remembered as [illegible] ironic. Furthermore, an [illegible] page 461 ought to be [illegible] sentence which is tran[illegible] some churches there are [illegible] made on the opening [illegible] church" does not ma[illegible] unless amplified by the [illegible] them" of the original [illegible] tive.

Finally, there is a con[illegible] tion by Dr Blane that "[illegible] failed to respond to the [illegible] *Sobor* [the Russian [illegible] Church Council of 1917[illegible] crusade against the reg[illegible] there ever such a call? [illegible] perhaps confusing [illegible] street demonstration, [illegible] cession, *krestnyi khod*, [illegible] lar-sounding *krestovy*[illegible] crusade?

These are mild [illegible] scholarly collection wh[illegible] confidence almost thro[illegible] which, despite all imped[illegible] the reader increased [illegible] of the stubborn surviv[illegible] survivals.

Man of God and man

MARTIN C. D'ARCY:
Humanism and Christianity
226pp. Constable. £2.25.

Humanism and Christianity, which can truly be said to crown a long lifetime of profound yet lively scholarship, was originally published a few years ago in an American series called "Perspectives in Humanism". A prestigious board of editors—with names such as W. H. Auden, Erich Fromm, Konrad Lorenz and Karl Rahner—reflected the ambitious scope of the enterprise. Now published in England, and in its own right, the book is a wide-ranging essay in Christian humanism, firmly establishing the perennial worth of a tradition that has of recent years been so widely questioned—not least by the secularist assumptions of many Christian theologians.

The radical changes that have taken place in the theological climate since Vatican II demand not so much the repudiation of the inheritance of the past as a deeper understanding of its true implications. The antithesis that is so easily assumed to exist between "humanism" and "Christianity" is often rooted in a misunderstanding of both terms. The purpose of this book is not indeed to establish a temporary modus vivendi between opposing philosophies but rather to look afresh at the insights which history and a theological understanding can provide if there is to be a true reconciliation. No one is better equipped than Fr D'Arcy to attempt what many contemporary theologians would regard as an impossible task. His own cast of mind is so catholic (in the larger sense of the word) that he is hardly likely to be put out by new opinions or a fresh vocabulary.

He begins by a consideration of modern humanism, and his first chapter is headed by a provocative quotation—"An epoch of mindless Abelards and Galileos who are having the time of their lives"—which expresses the good-humoured but penetrating attention he gives to so many contemporary assumptions. He can be severe on views which "play down the sovereign quality of reason". His apologia for the rights of reason is not concerned with the defence of particular philosophies, however venerable they may be. Rather: "What all of us want to know is how a doctrine, for example, can be permanent and nevertheless grow; how, without losing its static virtue, it can aquire a dynamic quality." It is to the resolution of this dilemma that the remainder of the book is devoted.

The task is evidently a formidable one, for far more is involved than finding a convenient way through the jungle of contemporary theological opinion. He finds much that is ultimately inhuman in contemporary humanism. "Its last whisper is *Heu! lacrymae rerum!* and not that God 'shall wipe away all tears'." And the confident assumptions of such writers as Harvey Cox, with their conviction that the future of religion lies in its identification with the secular city, are severely dealt with, not so much for their intellectual naivety as for their disregard for the "divine folly" that lies at the heart of a Christian understanding of man and his destiny. Today the Augustinian concept of "the two cities" is widely contested, and the very title of Harvey Cox's best-known book, *The Secular City*, proclaims the rejection of what Fr D'Arcy describes as "the dialogue, full of wisdom and love" in which man participates with God. Much is hidden, and much is yet to come, yet it is precisely that dialogue which remains at the heart of religious reality.

As might be expected, Teilhard de Chardin is carefully assessed, for "his [illegible] is by far the most compre[illegible] grandiloquent effort to [illegible] between Christianity and [illegible] between the City of God [illegible] of Man". Here Fr D'Arcy[illegible] sympathy, indeed affectio[illegible] hard does not blind him to [illegible] fications that need to be [illegible] assessing so rhapsodic an [illegible] the final unity that tra[illegible] differences between scien[illegible] ism and religion. He se[illegible] hard's cosmic vision a pr[illegible] than a final solution. Fr D[illegible] so good a philosopher, and [illegible] the signs of the times to [illegible] that he is unlikely to be [illegible] by arguments that essen[illegible] from the attempt, at wh[illegible] to reconcile the Christian [illegible] with an undifferentiated [illegible] progress. "The surest way [illegible] pating the vigour of the [illegible] message is to hand it over [illegible] secular arm, to trust hum[illegible] without any qualification."

In a final chapter, "The C[illegible] View of Life", Fr D'Arcy [illegible] gether the strands of his [illegible] argument. He finds that the [illegible] which the humanist and m[illegible] ern Christian writers draw [illegible] life is "far too flattering [illegible] miracle is that man can [illegible] himself "heavenly moments [illegible] a sham". That is not a [illegible] of slums, but it is a warning [illegible] equation of material prosp[illegible] spiritual wisdom is—and [illegible] an illusion. What Fr D'Ar[illegible] "the syncopated version [illegible] Christian humanism [illegible] heavenly promises. And [illegible] no meaning for the Cros[illegible] would be wholly [illegible] D'Arcy's purpose, or to the [illegible] insights of his book. In [illegible] he ends with the simple [illegible] the familiar Christian [illegible] does indeed invoke [illegible] lively and realistic [illegible] healing meaning in [illegible] in which man lives and [illegible] must seek to redeem [illegible]

AN EXPLOSIVE BOOK

is Hal Bennett's **Lord of Dark Places** (£2.10), one of the most powerful novels ever to emerge from black America. It traces the life of a Southern negro from his grandfather's lynching through an extraordinary youth in the lust and religion-ridden atmosphere of Southern life to an adulthood where, trying to adjust to white world, he finds some understanding and a grim destiny. Not for Aunt Edna. Another important new novel is **The Deathbringer** (£2.50) by Manfred von Conta, an important contemporary German author. This psycho-thriller goes deeply into the mind of a murderer and is beautifully translated by Eva Figes. **New Writers Nine** (£1.75) introduces three new talents. It contains Renate Rasp's **Walk to St. Heinrich**, a novella of terrifying ferocity, a group of erotically sensuous poems by Amanda Smyth, and **Anne**, a novel by John Donovan, in which the author describes the erosion of a love affair with a technique that is original and highly accomplished. Paperback fiction re-issues include Drieu la Rochelle's **Will O'the Wisp** (75p), which many know as the film **Le Feu Follet**, one of the most important French novels of the thirties.

DYNAMIC PLAYS

as usual are prominent on our list. **Welcome to Dallas, Mr. Kennedy** (£1.25) by Kaj Himmelstrup delves deeply into the nature of America in an expressionistic and ferocious manner. **Samson & Alison Mary Fagan** (60p) by David Selbourne are poetic plays about human relationships by an important emerging dramatist, who has spent much of the last year with Peter Brook. Charles Marowitz's controversial **Macbeth** (75p) is not only a new version of Shakespeare but a manual on the creation of environmental and improvisational theatre. Both these latter are in paperback. Olwen Wymark's **The Gymnasium** (£1.60) contains four plays by one of the most under-estimated current British playwrights, still only known from small theatres, but increasingly admired by colleagues for the unusual twists of her situations and her biting analysis of personality. Ian Curteis's television trilogy **Long Voyage out of War** (£1.05) is now in paperback.

IMPORTANT

first publication of Yuli Daniel's **Prison Poems** (£1.50) in a bilingual edition translated by David Burg and Arthur Boyars, and the first English translation of Stendhal's classic **Travels in the South of France** (£4.50); also a revised edition of John Atkins's important study **George Orwell** (£3.25). Music lovers will want Claude Samuel's **Prokofiev** (£2.25); April FitzLyon's **The Price of Genius** (£1.25), a fascinating biography of Pauline Viardot and her circle; and Andreas Liess's **Carl Orff** (90p), all in paperback.

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[illegible]hanging priorities from peace to justice

[illegible]NETH J. TWITCHETT (Editor):
[illegible] Evolving United Nations: A [illegible]ect for Peace?
[illegible] Europa Publications for the [illegible] Davies Memorial Institute of [illegible]ational Studies. £2.25 (paper[illegible] £1.25).

[illegible]bjects in international politics [illegible] understood than the organ[illegible] of the United Nations, and [illegible] none is less loved in this [illegible]. On the one hand, those who [illegible] of the past glories of empire [illegible]dependence believe that they [illegible] be restored if only the UN [illegible] abolished. On the other hand, [illegible]ed liberals no less ignorantly [illegible] their government of "flouting [illegible] UN" whenever it uses the so[illegible] veto, as though permanent [illegible]ers of the Security Council had [illegible]al obligation always to vote [illegible] their own interests. In be[illegible] these extremes, the man in the [illegible] regards the United Nations [illegible] almost total indifference, rather [illegible] the Common Market; but also [illegible] a vague suspicion. Perhaps the trouble in both cases is that they have written constitutions which is well known to be an un-British characteristic.

But the United Nations at any rate has done one very British thing, which is to evolve in ways quite different from the intentions of those who called it into existence. This has been its most important contrast with the League of Nations which, like the dinosaur, failed to evolve and therefore became extinct.

Kenneth J. Twitchett rightly draws attention to this central fact in the title of his collection of essays. His own introduction gives a promising start to what proves to be perhaps the best book on the United Nations ever published in this country. He emphasizes the important differences between the circumstances in which the UN was founded in 1945 and those of today. A short summary of the essential change might be that in 1945 the main preoccupation was with peace and security, whereas today it is with rights and justice. There is always a danger of conflict between these ideals. All are mentioned in the Preamble to the UN Charter, but the priority has shifted between them.

Those who put peace first sometimes have to tolerate injustice, as in Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. Those who put justice first sometimes have to sacrifice peace, as in Korea in 1950 and in Vietnam since 1964. The fact that many people would disagree with the Americans' conception of their mission in Vietnam does not discredit their motives. It only emphasizes their dilemma in choosing between peace and justice, and perhaps convicts them of making the wrong choice. What is most surprising is that this particular conflict has never been seriously considered by the United Nations at all, although on a commonsense view it is manifestly within the organization's competence.

Such an example shows that the UN is far from perfect or even fully mature in its development. All the contributors are refreshingly frank about its many inadequacies, some of which have crossed the borderline of the ridiculous. Geoffrey L. Goodwin examines the contrast between expectations and experience, concluding with some fresh expectations for the future which are realistic but gloomy.

J. E. S. Fawcett describes the evolution of international law in a learned but disillusioning essay, which underlines the impotence of the International Court of Justice by barely referring to it in the last paragraph. D. W. Bowett, on peace-keeping, recognizes that the UN has not done badly but foresees little prospect for fruitful development of its role. Rupert Emerson, on colonialism, concludes that "the actual process of de-colonization might have been much the same if the UN had never been born". Susan Strange considers that in international economic relations, "the UN is likely to remain primarily a symbolic institution". Professor Ernst B. Haas finds bleak comfort in the regional developments of the UN "as the West turns inward and the Third World engages in hostilities that are unlikely to threaten world peace at large".

These unsentimental judgments are supported with close reasoning and solid scholarship in every case. It is satisfactory to find the United Nations treated as a serious subject of political science instead of being dismissed with despairing contempt or falsified with pious optimism. It is also satisfactory to find, in the article by S. S. Northedge, the unfashionable view put forward that the record of successive British Governments in the UN is relatively good. As David Mitrany points out in a concluding "Historical Perspective", the same can be said of the United States during the greater part of the past twenty-five years. The American policy in Vietnam, however lamentable, is not technically in breach of the UN Charter, any more than was the British policy over the Suez Canal in 1956. To those who place all their hopes for the future of the world in the United Nations Organization, this may seem a cynical judgment. But that only means that they delude themselves. There could be no better course of treatment to dispel their illusions than to study Mr Twitchett's admirable compilation.

[illegible]ntiquated armies in modern settings

[illegible]RY L. FABIAN:
[illegible]ers without Enemies
[illegible]p. Allen and Unwin. £3.60 [illegible]rback, £1.40).

[illegible]t from the annual posturings at [illegible] General Assembly, the one fea[illegible] of the United Nations' multi[illegible] activities which has captured [illegible] public imagination is the sequence [illegible] peace-keeping operations. There [illegible] been a round dozen of them [illegible] 1946, widely differing in scope [illegible] importance but all variants of [illegible] non-coercive policing function [illegible] Dag Hammarskjöld made bold [illegible] preventive diplomacy. (Larry [illegible] supplies a synopsis of those [illegible] missions, of which three only [illegible] at present operational, in an [illegible]ndix.) The literature on the [illegible] is already considerable, rang[illegible] from the pioneer booklet by [illegible] R. Frye in 1957, entitled *A [illegible] Nations Peace Force*, to the [illegible]ham House three-volume study [illegible]ource material by Rosalyn [illegible]. Larry Fabian's solid piece [illegible]earch on behalf of the Brook[illegible] Institution is not just another [illegible]tical treatise or performance [illegible]ation. In shifting the emphasis [illegible] political plane he is breaking [illegible] ground. He starts from the [illegible]e that up to now the whole [illegible]s has been necessarily a con[illegible] process of improvisation; and [illegible] the UN is forced, by the [illegible]e of international political [illegible]ity, to mobilize armies on [illegible]al principles of organization for the performance of modern tasks in modern settings".

That "the UN still lacks a comprehensive system of *preparedness* for peacekeeping" (our emphasis) is only too true. Basically, as was demonstrated by Alan James in *The Politics of Peacekeeping*, the issue is one of conflict management, requiring above all a working diplomatic consensus behind it. Trygve Lie, with his premature campaign for a standing international corps, Dag Hammarskjöld, with his subtle balancing of political and technical dispositions, the Ottawa Conference of 1964 mustered by the Canadian Prime Minister, and such procedural expedients as the Collective Measures Committee, which was wound up in 1954, or the Special Committee on Peacekeeping Operations, which was created by the Assembly in February, 1965, to find a way out of the financing impasse—none of these agencies proved viable; and there is no getting away from the fact that the Super-Powers must be the final arbiters of any preparedness arrangements.

Mr Fabian begins by making the essential point that the peacekeeping function is something entirely different from either deterrence or enforcement: that, indeed, it has come to replace the collective security fixation exemplified in the League Covenant and in Article 43 of the UN Charter with its Military Staff Committee, which was wrecked by the Cold War. The distinction is all-important, not least in that the original conception was that of a Security Council performing an international policing role with military resources supplied primarily by the Great Powers; whereas peacekeeping in the UN connotation of the term rejects international military institutions and reflects, in the familiar Potter phraseology adopted by the author, "middlepowermanship". Moreover, the element of consent on the part of the host country is recognized as being indispensable.

In the middle chapters Mr Fabian enumerates the various peace-preserving tasks performed in Greece, Indonesia, Kashmir, in Egypt and on the borders of Israel, in Cyprus, and in the Congo. "Ceasefires have been monitored, borders patrolled, troop disengagements supervised, truces guaranteed, hostile armies insulated at safe distances, internal security maintained." If military personnel have predominated in these peace manoeuvres, the function of the civilian element with political or administrative tasks is equally important; and overall direction by the Secretary-General and his coadjutors is now the established rule.

As for the various states' contributions, Canada must certainly rank first in terms of both preparedness and participation, thanks largely to the untiring efforts of Lester Pearson. Canadians were already an element of the UN Military Observer Group in India and Pakistan (UNMOGIP) in 1949, and they have taken part in every UN mission since then, we are told, as well as in the International Control Commissions. Then the three Scandinavian states have not only established stand-by units (by special legislation in 1964), they alone have provided *any* combined UN-related training facilities. The Netherlands and Austria, too, have done well in this field, the latter overcoming considerable political and legal obstacles to demonstrate that UN peacekeeping is perfectly compatible with "active neutrality". "Non-stand-by" states like Ireland, India, Brazil, Yugoslavia and Finland have also played their part. Nor must the logistical support provided by the United States and Britain in many undertakings be overlooked; actual participation by British forces in Cyprus was, of course, a special tolerance.

What happened between 1956, when UNEF was created, and 1968, by which time the idea was generally accepted, was that "while peacekeeping services became more visible, peacekeeping preparedness went underground". A certain process of normalization is illustrated in the transfer in recent years of the Secretariat's responsibilities from the esoteric Hammarskjöld "Thirty-eighth Floor" to the Office of General Services with its Field Operation equipment. But Mr Fabian drives home the point that throughout this record of work well done by the Secretariat and the Middle Powers, it is impossible to ignore "the irrepressible influence of political values on seemingly unpolitical preparedness matters".

The UN's peacekeeping activities have all along enjoyed the support of the United States and—for that very reason, perhaps—were up against consistent opposition from the Soviet Union. Thus, the debate in the Special Committee on financing peacekeeping operations, as we know, got bogged down into an agreement to disagree. But at any rate the emphasis has now shifted back from the General Assembly to the Security Council. And in 1967, Mr Fabian reminds us, the Soviet delegation actually "gave its approval, by vote and voice, to a proposal designed to strengthen UN preparedness".

It was in fact no more than acquiescence in a project for a study of past experience. But Mr Fabian clutches at this straw to elaborate in his final chapter a ten-point strategy—to be operated by a composite Special UN Preparedness Review Group, with representation of all concerned with peacekeeping operations, i.e., the Security Council, the Secretariat, and the Assembly's Committee of Thirty-three. A central feature of his proposed system, as with other students of the subject, is, surprisingly enough, the Article 43 framework and a restructured Military Staff Committee. One can see that this might have its appeal to the Russians; but surely any advantages it might have are outweighed by the dangers of confusing peacekeeping, as it has developed in the UN context, with the totally dissimilar—and incompatible—collective security myth. In chancing his arm with this somewhat disingenuous scheme Mr Fabian has spoiled an admirable—if characteristically verbose—intellectual exercise.

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'Orghast'

BY TOM STOPPARD

THE WORD Orghast is perhaps familiar now to those who like to keep a weather-eye open on the arts. It has two applications: it is the title of the new work created and performed for the Shiraz Festival by Peter Brook's International Centre for Theatre Research, and it is also the name of the language in which most of the work has been written. The author of *Orghast* – text and language – is the English poet, Ted Hughes.

Newspaper reports from Shiraz quite properly dealt with the production in terms of its total means, objectives, and effects. Certainly one could not discuss *Orghast* as a theatrical event without, for example, describing its setting in the cliffs above Persepolis; nor discuss it as an actors' assignment without relating it to Mr Brook's preoccupation with the limits of dramatic narrative; nor discuss it as a text without pointing to its derivations in myth and literature; nor discuss it as any of these without reference to the others. And in these terms it has been discussed (most sympathetically in two articles in the *Financial Times*, whose music critic saw *Orghast* five times and quintupled the sum of affirmation it had received up to that point: "The playgoer who enters deeply into *Orghast*", he concluded, "has passed through fire and can never be the same again.").

So to discuss Orghast as a language, in relative isolation, is a marginal exercise, but it is justified, I believe, by the simple fact that the recent notebooks of one of our best writers have been filled with lines like:

Khersaekya doam Pramanath figgadagleg

vickhaongleggada . .
gra gra glasta .heer
glasta carblot
gra blogatrss sjoum blot
gra bashutta hoan blot
gaa nullyuggan strutta hoan. . . .

What brought Ted Hughes to this pass? And what are the impulses and the disciplines which he might claim for his new language so that it may be saved from the arbitrariness and fatal privacy of a random cipher?

The following observations rely on two main sources: a rehearsal performance of *Orghast* Part One, lasting about ninety minutes, in front of the tomb of Artaxerxes a fortnight before the first public performance; and a long interview with Mr Hughes, taken down in shorthand by me and later returned to him for amplification. Neither experience made things altogether clear.

In the interview we were using one *type* of language to try to describe another type, a logic-break which brought to mind Wittgenstein's apophthegm that some things cannot be said but only shown. On the other hand, the run-through, an enormously effective event in itself, suggested many possibilities but (at that stage, to me) largely failed to transmit on an instinctive level the meaning which had been put into it on an intellectual level. In so far as Mr Hughes's expressed premise is intellectually valid, it may be one of the things that cannot be shown but only said.

The premise in its simplest form is that the *sound* of the human voice, as opposed to language, is capable of projecting very complicated mental states. That it is capable of projecting very simple mental states is not a matter of argument. The sound, "Help me", can be varied to project the mental state of a man in a burning building or that of a man trying to carry three suitcases.

But my example compromises the real audaciousness of the Brook-Hughes opus, which does not rely on such eloquent situations to define the meaning of the sounds. The action of *Orghast* is simple, ritualistic, and at times hardly more informative of what is being said than is the disposition of an orchestra informative of what is being played.

This analogy with music is timely, because it should be stressed that although Orghast has a word-to-word relationship with English and thence to any language, Mr Hughes does not expect or intend it to work on an audience in the way that a foreign language might, dropping philological clues here and there to be picked up with varying success according to the varying capacity of its hearers to make use of them. Orghast aims to be a leveller of audiences by appealing not to semantic athleticism but to the instinctive recognition of a "mental state" within a sound. One can hardly imagine a bolder challenge to the limits of narrative.

Clearly this is not Ted Hughes the poet. As he says:

> I was interested in the possibilities of a language of tones and sounds, without specific conceptual or perceptual meaning, long before, but for drama not for poetry. In poetry this sort of experiment remains meaningless, for such a language needs a body of precise but unexpressed meaning behind it such as is supplied by religious intention (as in mantras, etc) or by action.

The theory is indicated in this passage from Mr Brook's *The Empty Space*:

> A word does not start as a word – it is an end product which begins as an impulse, stimulated by attitude and behaviour which dictate the need for expression. This process occurs inside the dramatist; it is repeated inside the actor. Both may only be conscious of the words, but both for the author and then for the actor the word is a small visible portion of a gigantic unseen formation.

The impetus for Orghast came from a dissatisfaction with English as the visible part of a barbaric, mythic formation. Every word came loaded with sophisticated associations and dog-eared with overuse.

Mr Hughes again:

> The idea was to build up a small range of sounds which we could then organise rhythmically.
>
> We started with a fairly complicated narrative, using several myths which we blended together into one cosmology. The Prometheus myth was one, and also the mythology and cosmology of Manichaean writings. Brook wanted to open up in actors the stores of meaningful expression and feeling which ordinary language just skates over. They worked for a long time with a dozen or so set syllables that had no fixed meaning, and therefore infinitely variable potential meaning.

But it is not just a case of the actor giving meaningful life to an arbitrary sound, and here the water gets choppier. Because – crucially – it is Mr Hughes's conviction, indeed the point of Orghast, that hypothetically there are *some* meanings, basic mental states, for which there is an optimum sound irrespective of the audience, Arab or Eskimo; and that in the absence of radical difference of culture, in a given situation, for *any* meaning there is an optimum sound. In short, it was Mr Hughes's task to offer the actor the sound which he felt was *best* suited to convey a given meaning. These offers were invariably accepted except, neatly enough, in the case of the Japanese actor and, less so, the African actor, who offered improvements.

The idea of a common tonal unconscious is a rarefied concept suggested by a kind of communication which might be alternatively explained, as Mr Hughes readily admits, as telepathic. On the other hand, there are physiological grounds for certain sounds being common, and I would not be surprised myself to hear that both Arabs and Eskimos said "Ouch!" in a given circumstance.

But disregarding extremes and optima, the sine qua non is that some sounds are *better* than others. And this is a big step in itself.

One might have assumed, returning to my early example, that the sound *help-me* had neither more nor less capacity to communicate its meaning to a Frenchman than the sound *aidez-moi* to an Englishman—in which case either would do as well for a Persian, and Mr Hughes's struggles with Orghast would have been significantly meaningless. But when Mr Hughes decides that "help me" is *moama ya*, he is working a deeper vein where physiology, philology, psychology, and a touch of mysticism combine to form an ore which in a certain light is not self-evidently fools' gold.

Now and again, mirabile dictu, Mr Hughes struck the real thing. For example:

> My word for "light" – *hoan* – was a completely blind invention but it turns out to mean a ray of light in Farsi [the Persian language]. My "Woman of Light" I called Ussa, which was just a provisional name until we discovered it meant "dawn" in Sanskrit and is close to the old Farsi word for "fire", now only used as a girl's name. There were quite a few of that sort of coincidence.

The "blind invention" is not an arbitrary business. He explains:

> The good words are the words you invent immediately – blind – your mind completely fixed on the thing or state you want to express. Out of these root words you compound others. Some of these are good, others not so good. Afterwards, the words I invented blind turned out to be compounds of the first roots I established.

The word *orghast* itself is the product of two roots, *org* and *ghast*, which Mr Hughes had pulled to the top of his consciousness to provide sounds for "life" and "spirit, flame", respectively. "Thus orghast is the name for 'the fire of being' . . . and so, metaphorically, 'sun'", he explains.

Other roots were *gr* (eat), *ull* (swallow) and *kr* (devour), and it is not difficult to share in the sense of equivalence between the change of root and the change of "mental state" in three different kinds of eating. *Grg* was death, *uss* light, *bruss* strength and *gra* fire.

It can now be seen that the assault on the limits of narrative drama is even bolder than is allowed by Mr Hughes's phrase, "complicated mental states", with its suggestion of a vocabulary of *emotions*. The fact of the matter is that his language aims to project the greater complexity of names of objects, of action verbs, of family relationships, of number, and of simple sentences. For example, in a part of the script I was given (I believe it was made redundant by the subsequent adventures of the language; an aspect I will come to) the actor is offered "*e ya dattun boda chahar*" for "I will give him four things". A[illegible] from "Help I"–[illegible]

The Latin echo in the [illegible] "give" will be noted. Al[illegible] *chahar* means "four" in [illegible] fact, out of a vocabulary of [illegible] 2,000 words, Mr Hughes [illegible] about fifty as "real" Org[illegible] is a boosted language draw[illegible] conscious and unconscious [illegible] Gaelic among them.

Mr Hughes says:

> In the latest phase of Orghast [illegible] is very much the best for our p[illegible] there is a fixed basis—the [illegible] are fixed, but the vowels are fr[illegible] for me, that is. The actors [illegible] to what I compose but with the [know]ledge that if they can improve [illegible] vowel is free for them too. S[illegible] I've discovered the fixed and [illegible] of proceeding, it's not so "[illegible] the words aren't absolute [illegible] —they're open at every new [illegible] to a new and more essential [illegible] spiration, as if all spelling w[illegible] very free.

Orghast went through [illegible] redundancy and renewal [illegible] somewhat ironic reason that [illegible] actors became more and [illegible] familiar with the original [illegible] sounds, they began to use [illegible] as a conventional language [illegible] happened to me, too", Mr H[illegible] said. "The closing-up pro[illegible] in. I had to keep giving the [illegible] an extra wrench to distort [illegible] them open."

Orghast now exists. Do[illegible]tain the seeds of a unique [illegible] drama, or is it just a gigantic [illegible] a psychoanalysis of its own [illegible] The question is not, "Did [illegible]municate?", but, "Was the [illegible]ence different from seeing a[illegible] foreign language?"

Well, of course it was, etc. [illegible] stage in which I saw it, b[illegible] knows too much the respo[illegible]rupted, and the question [illegible] open. The critic I quoted [illegible] in no doubt himself: "Fal[illegible] sepolis, I cried *neith*, try[illegible] the word with the meaning [illegible] bore. I asked what it mea[illegible] was the unhesitating, and [illegible] sponse." But Orghast's [illegible] ought not to be contained [illegible] logy, and a later exposure [illegible] drama to Persian villagers [illegible] visionally a failure though [illegible] language failure, Mr Hug[illegible]

He retains his interest and [illegible] in the "magical" prop[illegible] sound – sound which can [illegible] way a fern grows or the [illegible] filings group themselves, [illegible] which perhaps speaks to [illegible] ear. I believe he is bei[illegible] tive and relevant when he [illegible]

> The music of conversation is [illegible]esting topic. The greatest [illegible] of conversation are probably [illegible] ones. A person who has n[illegible] talent in ordinary conve[illegible] bore, no matter how intere[illegible] remarks are. What we real[illegible] from each other are these [illegible] or stimulating exchanges of [illegible] This animal music is very [illegible] of course, from the conc[illegible] "musical" voice. The real [illegible] in this line are certain anim[illegible] birds —though their ranges are [illegible] limited. When they speak the [illegible] listen. Not many human w[illegible] make the spirits listen.

Jane Austen

The early evenings of Autumn are upon us, and Janeites will be dusting their precious and well-thumbed sets preparatory to the delights of their annual read. A new Jane book to be welcomed and loved is Mary Corringham's **I, Jane Austen**, £1.60; a remarkable poem, told as if by Jane Austen herself, derived from her letters, novels and the biographies. Two other books for the enthusiast, both edited by B. C. Southam, are **Jane Austen: The Critical Heritage**, £2.50, showing exactly what her contemporaries thought of her writing, and modern views in **Critical Essays on Jane Austen**, £2.10, paper £1.

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Victoria, the Princess Royal, after a painting by Franz Winterhalter

Victoria's eldest daughter

[illegible]R FULFORD (Editor):
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[illegible]NE BENNETT:
[illegible] Collins and Harvill. £3.50.

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[illegible] Bismarck was a liar is an unfortunate but incontrovertible fact of history. Among the evils which his lies brought [on] the world the falsification of [a w]oman's character might seem [a] small count to set against him; [illegible] none the less a wicked and a [illegible] act. So clever were his false[hoods] that not merely did he deceive [his] contemporaries and follow[ing country]men (the Prussians were in [o]nly too eager to believe evil [of the] Crown Princess), but he also [illegible] posterity. Even in England [illegible] the more gross calumnies [illegible] Queen Victoria's eldest [daught]er were always discounted, [illegible] least of the mud thrown by [illegible] has stuck to her image. [illegible] cunning enough to realize [illegible] more effective than a direct lie [illegible] perversion of the truth. [Vic]toria, Princess Royal of England and Crown Princess of Prussia, [illegible] in the family circle as Vicky, [illegible] early years was an outspoken, [illegible] girl; write her down therefore as tactless and interfering. She [illegible] her native country of England; forget that she also loved her [illegible] country, Germany, and [illegible] her a perfidious Englishwoman [illegible] against the interests of [illegible]. She was a strong character [illegible] to a virtuous, well-meaning [illegible] weak man; easy enough to [illegible] the lie that she domineered [illegible] over him. So too her [illegible] eldest son grew up an im[illegible] character; put all the blame [illegible] and call this warm-hearted, [illegible] woman a harsh and un[sym]pathetic mother. Though her [illegible] piquant little face has immense [illegible] she lacked the classic beauty [of h]er sister-in-law, Princess Alex[andra]; she was well known to be a [w]oman with intellectual and [illegible] interests: twist the truth a [illegible] to make her out an unattractive blue stocking.

[illegible] earlier biography by Count [illegible] somehow failed to substitute [a] recognizable likeness for this [illegible] picture. At last, in 1963, [illegible] Fulford published *Dearest [Child]*, followed five years later by [*Dearest*] *Mama*. This selection from [the co]rrespondence of Queen Victoria with the Crown Princess gave [the out]line of a figure very different [from] Bismarck's malicious caricature. Now comes *Your Dear Letter*, [imp]eccably edited as ever, and [illegible] with a first-class foreword, [and] almost simultaneously with [this thi]rd volume of letters appears [an adm]irable biography by Daphne [illegible] to show us what sort of a [woman] the Crown Princess really [was].

[illegible] is Mrs Bennett's first biography, maybe even her first book. It is a remarkable achievement. Few mistakes of fact are too [illegible] to deserve notice. She is an [illegible] and thorough historian [illegible] perhaps of necessity, she [w]orked almost entirely from [illegible] sources. (When she has [illegible] letters and papers in private [illegible] she has cited them in [illegible] references by date alone, which [illegible] a very helpful or sensible [illegible]ment.) Her best gift is her [illegible] in narrative; she keeps the [illegible] always eager to turn over the [illegible] to find out what happens next. [illegible] looks at her characters with [illegible] seeing them in the round; [illegible] develop and change with the [illegible] years. Only Bismarck [illegible] static and slightly unreal; [illegible] years simply as Satan incarn[ate] perhaps not a wholly unfair [illegible].

[illegible] Vicky as a gloss to the [corres]pondence printed in *Your Dear [Letter]* is to realize more and more [illegible] the enormity of Bismarck's [misre]presentation. Take, for instance, the Prince's reputed tactlessness. Etiquette demanded that [illegible] of a German January, she should make her first entry into Berlin driving in an open carriage and wearing a low-cut dress with no wrap. Shivering after this drive the young bride—she was only just eighteen—ran up the state staircase to greet her husband's parents. "Are you not frozen?" came the query. With a beaming smile this supposedly tactless girl replied, "I have only one warm place and that is my heart."

Admittedly the Princess was not always so tactful in her dealings with her "in-laws". Although her own husband, Frederick, always referred to as Fritz, was a charming and considerate person, his parents were the exact opposite. Neither William, Prince of Prussia, later King William I, later still Emperor of Germany, nor his wife Augusta were easy or pleasant characters. Nothing in her own experience of a happy, united home had prepared the Princess for life in a family where quarrels between husband and wife, parents and children, were a daily commonplace.

To keep the peace in the Prussian Royal Family was a task beyond her powers. Among her own relations, however, these letters show her as forever pouring oil on troubled waters. Mr Fulford truthfully writes that "Princess Alice is in high disfavour throughout these years". In her letters to Queen Victoria the Crown Princess seldom mentions this sister without adding some such remark as "it is nice to have dear Alice here — she is looking so pretty", or "indeed you need not dread her visit, she is so gentle and amiable and so delighted at the thought of going to England as she looks forward to seeing you so much". Matters were also slightly strained between the Queen and the Princess of Wales. With tactful cunning, knowing the power of "dear Alix's" famous charm, the Crown Princess urges the Queen to see her daughter-in-law more often and in private: "I know Alix has the greatest wish to be now and then alone with you." Alix, she admits, has her shortcomings, but "she is never *maussade* or out of temper or cross or impatient". Surrounded as she was by constant bickering, sulks and quarrels, the Princess must have wished sadly that the same could have been said for her own "in-laws".

In earlier letters the Prince of Wales, and not his wife, had been the member of the family for whom the Princess had constantly to beg the Queen's sympathy and understanding. It is very pleasant to find that in this third volume he has at last won his way into his mother's good graces. "I am sure that no heir apparent was so nice and unpretending as dear Bertie is." A deep affection existed between the Princess and this brother; the Prince's masterpiece of understatement, "Poor Pus has not got a bed of roses", nevertheless showed that he understood and sympathized with his sister in the many difficulties and disasters which beset her path.

From the moment she married her beloved and loving Fritz, life was never again to be easy for her. A homesick girl in an alien land where "the Englishwoman" was looked upon with dislike and suspicion, she was constantly harassed by her mother's "fidgety" letters and by her father's insistence that it was her duty to further liberal principles in a most illiberal Prussia and to work in season and out of season for the ideal of a united Germany. The unexpected death of that adored father was her first grief. Then, when her husband was away fighting in the Austro-Prussian war, she had to face alone the death of her baby son, Sigismund. In 1879 she lost another beloved son, twelve-year-old Waldemar. Living surrounded by Bismarck's spies, disliked and despised because of their liberal views, husband and wife waited year after year, consoling themselves by looking forward to the day when as sovereign he would at last be able to promote their plans for progressive reform. The waiting was long, for the Emperor William lived to a great age. When the old man was ninety Fritz developed cancer of the throat. He lived long enough to succeed his father and to reign for ninety-nine days as a dying man, unable to speak. For his wife, his death meant not only the loss of a beloved husband but the end to her own usefulness and to all they had planned together. Their vision of a liberal Germany was a dream gone with the wind.

Could that dream have been realized in 1862 when King William threatened to abdicate if the Crown Prince had called his father's bluff and accepted the proffered throne? His wife was all for this course: "If you do not accept I believe you will regret it one day". While he hesitated the chance slipped through his fingers. The King changed his mind and, instead of abdicating, called in Bismarck. Mrs Bennett believes that the threat of abdication was a fraud and would never have been carried out; it was nevertheless a chance, though a slim one. Fritz's hesitation meant the total and permanent defeat of German liberalism; from henceforward, in Bismarck's own words, the great questions of the day were to be decided not by speeches and majority votes but by blood and iron.

On this occasion the Princess had shown herself the better man of the two, at once more courageous and more far-sighted than her husband. Yet she had deliberately refrained from taking the decision upon herself, knowing that if she did so, "Fritz as a man would be destroyed for ever". In an essay on "Wives", that wise spinster, Charlotte Yonge, has a passage which exactly describes the relationship between this husband and wife:

> But if the man be really the weaker vessel and the rule is necessarily in the wife's hands, how is it then to be? To tell the truth, I believe that the really loving good wife never finds it out. She keeps the glamour of love and loyalty between herself and her husband, and so infuses herself into him that the weakness never becomes apparent to her, to him, to most lookers-on; and those who *do* perceive on which side lies the strength, respect her too much to betray their suspicions; nay, respect him too.

Fritz's death might not have meant the end of all his hopes for Germany had his eldest son been in sympathy with his parents' views. Unfortunately he was not. At no period of his life, not even in early childhood, was Prince William, afterwards Emperor William II, an attractive or easy personality; his mother and grandmother, however, were devoted to the little boy. Queen Victoria's letters are full of praise for "that beloved and promising child", who is "so dear and good that with care and God's blessing he will grow up to be a blessing to his country and a comfort to his parents". His mother writes of him as "a dear, promising child, lively and sweet-tempered and intelligent", and again as "a dear, interesting, charming boy, clever, amusing, engaging", whom it is impossible not to spoil. Here is ro

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lack of sympathy or appreciation but rather the reverse.

As late as 1870, when Willy was eleven, his mother believed that there still remained "a bond of love and confidence between them which nothing could destroy". Unwittingly she herself had already taken the step that was to destroy that bond. In 1866, on the recommendation of the English diplomat, Robert Morier, she had chosen Georg Hinzpeter for her son's tutor. Her chief criticism of Hinzpeter was that "he eats with his knife and with his elbows on the table — this is not a crime — but I would rather Willy did not imitate it". Unfortunately this abnormal, unbalanced man was to teach Willy worse things than uncouth table manners.

The charge of maternal harshness brought against the Princess looks particularly silly when set against the many passages in Queen Victoria's letters in which she criticizes her daughter's excessive devotion to children, and scolds her for the size of her ever-increasing family. A typical passage is this one written after the birth of the especially beloved Sigismund:

> You know perfectly well that I do not hate babies, but I do hate an inordinate worship of them and the disgusting details of their animal existence, which I try to ignore. You must know besides how little reason I have to be pleased with many details of this baby, as you know what has shocked and annoyed me.

The reference is of course to her annoyance at the very brief interval between Sigismund's birth and that of the previous child, Henry. In writing thus Queen Victoria was not being consciously unkind or reproachful; she was merely telling the truth. She had not approved of Sigismund's arrival and she will make no pretence to do so after the event. So too Vicky will not pretend to any admiration for *Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands*. As Mr Fulford writes, "We find ourselves involuntarily exclaiming as we read the letters, 'For goodness sake say something friendly about the Queen's book'". But nothing comes, only the politely damning remark, "I think they are so nicely got up".

The great worth of these letters lies precisely in this quality of absolute truthfulness; unlike the vast majority of letter-writers neither mother nor daughter varies style or substance to suit the tastes and feelings of the recipient. They could write thus to one another because there was between them a love and an understanding that could withstand the shocks of such outspoken honesty. Unfortunately other people did not understand this frankness; Mr Fulford says of the Princess that "some of her difficulties in Germany would have been mitigated if she could have resisted speaking her mind". Especially was her lack of pretence a stumbling-block in her dealings with Bismarck. Ironically enough, where Bismarck was concerned, the Princess's charm was her undoing:

> She was not beautiful yet when she was happy and vivacious she could come very near it. Her eyes were always her best feature, and when they sparkled with fun she was irresistible. Bismarck was by no means impervious and he hated himself for it: that was the root of much of his behaviour towards her.

Bismarck liked women and he was flattered by their admiration: if the Princess could have pretended to admire him even a little—she did for a while pretend to polite friendship, but never to admiration—their relationship might have been easier. Like her mother, however, "she could not bring herself to say", or indeed, even to hint, "what she did not truly feel".

The Princess's sparkling eyes which so attracted Bismarck were the outward expression of what Mrs Bennett elsewhere calls "the sparkle of her personality". It is just this sparkle which is so conspicuously lacking in her sisters, even in the clever, good-looking Princess Alice. *Victoria and her Daughters* is in a completely different category from *Vicky* and *Your Dear Letter*. It contains nothing but what is already well known, and some well-known matters are unaccountably omitted. Thus there is no mention of the imperial row over Princess Helena's marriage to Prince Christian, a quarrel which split the Royal Family clean in half. (Oddly enough, Mrs Bennett also omits this quarrel, which is recounted at some length in Mr Fulford's foreword.) Nina Epton has very little to say about the many and serious differences between the Queen and Princess Alice and nothing at all about the behaviour of Princess Alice towards the Princess of Wales at the time of the Prince of Wales's attack of typhoid. The only value of Mrs Epton's book to those seriously interested in royal history lies in its quotations from the unpublished Ponsonby papers. Although no references are given, these are identifiable, Sir Henry Ponsonby's pungent style being unmistakable.

Breaking with the British

LEON O BROIN:
Fenian Fever
An Anglo-American Dilemma.
264pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.15.

The Irish Republican Army now operating in Ulster is—with a significant difference—the ideological heir of the Fenians. It carries on the tradition, ingrained in the recurrent revolutionary outbreaks in Ireland, that nothing can be achieved except by force, and that "Soon or Never" must be the watchword of nationalists. The Fenians were encouraged by memories of 1848, and some of their leaders had taken part in that fiasco of a rising. The men of 1848 had looked back in pride to an earlier and equally frustrated effort to break the British link: they dared to speak of 1798.

All these militant movements from Wolfe Tone in the Napoleonic era, through Mitchell and Davis in Famine years, Stephens and O'Mahony in the Fenian 1860s, Pearse and his fellow-fighters in 1916 to the Sinn Feiners in the early 1920s, and the current appellants to physical force in the Six Counties, have two things in common: all were denounced by the Catholic Church and all were opposed by Irishmen, no less sincerely nationalist, who were horrified by blood-letting and believed in the efficacy of constitutional methods.

The gun got them nowhere except in the important respect of making heroes and martyrs—until 1916. The significant difference between all previous waves of violence and the present one is that it has, so far at least, thrown up no name to be conjured with. The Fenians drew powerful emotional strength from the lying-in-state of the body of Terence Bellew MacManus, one of the 1848 refugees, which had been brought back from California. Incidentally it lay—visited every day for a week by thousands of people—in the theatre of the Mechanics Institute. Cardinal Cullen, the Archbishop of Dublin, had refused the use of the Pro-Cathedral and prohibited his clergy from taking any part in the obsequies. The same act was replayed, in 1915, when Pearse, deliberately hotting matters up for the imminent rising, delivered a panegyric at the graveside of O'Donovan Rossa, the veteran Fenian whose funeral, organized by the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Republican Brotherhood, packed Glasnevin Cemetery. "They think they have foreseen everything", Pearse reflected, "but the fools, the fools, the fools! They have left us our Fenian dead and, while Ireland holds their graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace." Will any of the faceless men now running the IRA, or their comrades who eschew rhetoric and make no appeals to past Celtic glories, provide comparable inspiration—or has the glamour gone out of it all, leaving only a cold resort to butchery? It is too early to say.

The Fenians who contributed so handsomely to the hagiography of the struggle against British imperialism belonged to that romantic Ireland which, Yeats lamented, was dead and gone with one of them, O'Leary. As effective revolutionaries they were pathetic. The "Fenian fever" diagnosed by Leon Ó Broin was a leading case of a rising that never got airborne. It fizzled out in 1867 in circumstances even more humiliating than the fracas in the Widow McCormack's cabbage patch which rang the curtain down on the tragi-farce of 1848. The peasants of 1798 did at least fight, though they were beaten at Vinegar Hill. The Fenians collapsed with scarcely a shot fired: with the arsenals of the British garrison in Ireland apparently ripe for plundering, they were largely armed with pikes. Yet there were brave and sincere men among them; they underwent long prison sentences without weakening and the stories told about them round the turf fires at the turn of the century aroused a martial spirit in young men such as Eamon De Valera.

Mr Ó Broin describes them with the objective thoroughness that marked his study of Birrell in *The Chief Secretary* and other works. He has drawn on the richly rewarding Fenian archive in Dublin Castle to bring to light much buried material. When the conspiracy was begun by two exiles in Paris, who had taken part in the Young Ireland Insurrection of 1848, they seemed to hold a full hand. America, with its angry brigade of emigrants, bitter with memories of the horrors of the Famine and the coffin ships in which they had sailed from home, was sympathetic to the rebels. A President of the Fenian Brotherhood of the United States was set up, and the flag of the harp and sunburst flew from the Fenian Capitol in New York. Irish soldiers who had seen active service in the Federal or Confederate Armies in the Civil War crossed the Atlantic to fight the Saxon. The Admiralty threw a cordon of the Queen's ships round the coast to ward off an American landing. A raid on Canada was launched: hopes were even entertained that the United States Government, already outraged by British backing of the South, might break off diplomatic relations.

The British Army, heavily manned by Irishmen driven by eviction or poverty to join the colours, was a happy hunting-ground for Fenian recruits. At one stage almost half the soldiers at the Curragh were reckoned to be crypto-Fenians, and so was nearly as high a proportion of the infantry guarding the arsenal at Athlone, which contained 30,000 rifles. In Dublin, where the Fenians were expected to strike hardest, a substantial part of the large garrison, including Highland regiments, had furtively joined the rebel ranks. Some offenders were caught. A colour-sergeant who had got a false key of the magazine at Clonmel, intending to take out battery guns and use them against British troops, was given a life sentence. Men were flogged for shouting "Hurrah for the Irish Republic!" One man who never winced under the lash told Devoy afterwards: "Be Jabers, John, I had a sixpence between me teeth." Worried regimental officers did not share the optimism of their chief, that "very gallant old soldier" Sir George Brown, that the British uniform could not possibly cover a traitor.

Much less could the civilians be trusted. The Lord Lieutenant, Wodehouse, reported gloomily to the Foreign Secretary, Clarendon:

> The whole mass of the peasantry are sullenly or actively disloyal, so are the small tradesmen, the artisans, and the railway and telegraph clerks, porters, engineers etc. . . . In England people altogether underrate the potency of the old hatred of the Saxon. . . . The heart of this people is against us and I see no prospect of improvement within any time that can be calculated.

Clarendon, who had got the Garter for suppressing rebellion in 1848, tried to cheer him up. But the outlook was certainly alarming, at least on the surface. Fenian sympathizers in Britain were active, and before all was quiet they had planned an attack on Chester Castle, created "martyrs" by rescuing prisoners and killing a policeman in Manchester, and killing twelve people and maiming some 120 at Clerkenwell.

Support for authority came from the Catholic Church. The Bishop of Kerry thundered:

> When we look down into the fathomless depth of this infamy of the heads of the Fenian conspiracy we must acknowledge that eternity is not long enough nor hell hot enough to punish such miscreants.

The Fenians did not take such clerical denunciations lying down. Their paper, *The Irish People*, castigated the bishops, and Cardinal Cullen could not frighten them off sticking to their Church-banned secret oath. Attacking his Eminence for taking one line about rebellion in Ireland and another in Poland, the paper asked: "Was it to help to inflict serious wounds on religion and society that Dr Cullen sent his money to the secret association that directs the revolutionary war in Poland?" All the ingredients for an explosion were present, and yet the finale proved the dampest of squibs, spluttering out ingloriously on Tallaght Hill near Dublin and in some scattered places in the provinces. Dublin Castle knew well in advance what was afoot and had no difficulty in maintaining order.

Most of the reasons for failure were familiar—hesitation in timing, quarrels and rivalries among the leaders, and lack of security that gave ample scope for spies and informers to penetrate the inner rings of conspiracy. The clash of personalities was worsened by the complication of having to control an underground movement in Ireland and America with men on both sides jealous, suspicious and not infrequently contemptuous of one another. Mr Ó Broin disentangles the threads of this involved story—no Polish plot against Russia went more agley—with a patient hand.

He is least satisfying in dealing with the British Army. More is needed to show just how deeply the troops were committed to Fenianism and why in the event no unit mutinied. There was nothing comparable to the action of the Connaught Rangers in India in 1922. Obviously a wide gap stretches between having an emotional feeling of patriotism for Ireland and being prepared to rise against British comrades in arms. An examination in depth of the regiments ... would be illuminating and ... pity that so shrewd a ... Mr Ó Broin has not attempted ...

One other criticism may be ... of this valuable contribution ... history of Irish emergent ... Charles Kickham is not ... alive as he deserved to be ... blinded and deafened by ... sion when, as a boy, he ... gunpowder, he yet served ... ably with his pen, contributing ... anticlerical articles in *The ... People*, and otherwise taking ... minent part in the movement ... heard through his ear trumpet ... Keogh sentencing him to ... years' penal servitude (which ... er drastically reduced) while ... sing sympathy for him and ... for his intellectual attainments ... novel, *Knocknagow, or the ... of Tipperary*, was the favourite ... ing of later nationalists, ... President De Valera. He should ... been given a better show ... Broin's otherwise well-... portrait gallery.

May a plea be made ... writers not to render it ... for English readers to ... their names? Now that ... has become the established ... tion, could not the ... spellings be given in ... Otherwise, an admirer of ... *Fever* must remain tongue-tied ... least hesitant when asked ... nounce correctly the name ... author or of the ... Keeper of the Irish State ... Office whose help he warmly ... nowledges, Breandán Mac ... Choille. This practice makes ... worst of both worlds. The ... not being given in the Irish ... are after all still anglicized ... so as to leave them recognizable ...

THE HOME

You could learn more about women from a couple of pages of Penelope Mortimer* than from a lifetime poring over the agony columns of the popular press where contemporary woman is supposed to reveal her most crippling neuroses.

Miss Mortimer's reason is, of course, rather different. She's a novelist, not a universal aunt. But her ability to convey the feelings and experiences typical of, if not peculiar to, the modern woman is extraordinary.

In 'The Home', the situation is a dead marriage suddenly recognized by separation. The book traces Eleanor's progress. From initial optimism about setting up a new home free from sterile companionship and filled with new hopeful relationship, she passes through the reality of loneliness and boredom to a final despair. In the end she goes home for liver and bacon with a woman she meets in a pub.

It is, as Miss Mortimer concedes, 'a very commonplace story' but the evocation of the commonplace is her greatest strength.

As with her previous work 'The Home' seems certain to provoke immediate recognition from her female readers. More hopefully there may even be flashes of new understanding from the men. Miss Mortimer may never make men fully understand, but she remains her sex's most effective analyst.

Taurus

*The Home/Penelope Mortimer/£1.75/Hutchinson

THOMAS GRAY: 1716-1771

By Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis

The text of the ... Neil Lecture delivered at ... broke College, Cambridge ... the leading authority ... Horace Walpole and ...

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THE TIMES
T·L·S
... Year 1 October 1971 No. 3,631

Letters

D. H. Lawrence

Sir,—Mr M. B. Mencher asks (September 17) when some of us concerned with D. H. Lawrence (James Boulton, Émile Delavenay, Malcolm Pittock, Keith Sagar, and myself) will "stop making fools of [ourselves] in public" over questions that arise in Lawrence scholarship and criticism. Before attempting an answer, I should like to state that it was unfair for Mr Mencher to drag in Professor Boulton, who was only incidentally mentioned in the two recent sets of letters discussing these matters; so perhaps he should be exempted from the charge of having made himself a fool in public.

As for the remaining three of us involved in the discussion of Lawrence's status as a result of the King's scholarship examinations of 1904—Professor Delavenay, Mr Pittock, and myself—I don't feel we are at all foolish in discussing the point in question, since someone might just come up with an indisputable answer. I said in my earlier letter (September 10) that I was away from the sources on which I had based the statement Mr Pittock had challenged in my biography of Lawrence. I added that I believed that one of the sources was Lawrence himself. I have just returned home, and have been able to check this.

A rather rare volume, the 1914 New York edition of Lawrence's play, *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd*, contains an introduction by the late Swedish-American writer, Edwin Björkman, which states: "At nineteen he found himself, to his own and everybody else's astonishment, the first on the list of the King's scholarship examination, and from that time on he was, to use his own words, 'considered clever'." The two biographical paragraphs in Björkman's introduction are undoubtedly a close paraphrase of what the then little-known author had supplied; in a letter to Edward Garnett (June 21, 1913), Lawrence said: "I wrote the biography, and sent it off, with what reviews of *Sons and Lovers* I had, to Mitchell Kennerley" (the New York publisher of the play). So it seems that it is not only Lawrence's sister Ada and the records of Ilkeston Pupil-Teacher Centre which attest that Lawrence was "bracketed top boy in the country", but also Lawrence himself.

Well, Mr Mencher says Poo-poo, who cares? He aligns himself with the now outmoded "new critics" who contended that biography had essentially no bearing on a man's work, an idea disproved by such notable literary biographies as Richard Ellmann's of James Joyce, which has greatly illuminated Joyce's writings. In Lawrence's case, the effect of coming out first in the entire country had a distinct bearing upon his attitude toward life, hence upon his work; and it conditioned the attitudes of those around him—and this would have affected his writing. This is all made fairly clear in the sentence quoted from Björkman's paraphrase.

As for Mr Mencher's attack on Keith Sagar for inviting comment on the text of a Lawrence poem, this can only make one wonder what Mr Mencher really wants—is it an approach to literature without an understanding of background, without a comprehensive text, and without any consideration of literary values? He exhibits his own lack of understanding of what is important in Lawrence when he dismisses "The Red Wolf" as "a minor poem".

Somehow, I feel that it isn't James Boulton, Émile Delavenay, Malcolm Pittock, Keith Sagar, and myself who have been making fools of ourselves in public.

HARRY T. MOORE.

Department of English, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois 62918, USA.

American Books

Sir,—As I write the value of the American dollar has declined to \$2.48 per £1, and the depreciation is likely to continue. Can we look forward to a reduction in the retail price of books published in the United States and imported into this country? I would be grateful, and so undoubtedly would this country's libraries, to hear of distributors and importers who will be reducing their prices for American books by 2p or more in the dollar, or 6-10p in the pound. Or do they intend to keep the difference, as a minimum 6 per cent increase in profits?

ARNOLD GOLDMAN.

School of English and American Studies, The University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton, Sussex.

'Infamous Victorians'

Sir,—Your reviewer of Giles St Aubyn's *Infamous Victorians* (August 27) suggests that the author wrote "this gruesome little study" as a compensation for a lifetime of schoolmastering. Why does the life of a schoolmaster particularly need this kind of compensatory catharsis? What sort of books would provide similar recompense for lives spent in medicine, law, commerce, public service or book-reviewing? How gruesome would they have to be?

G. L. BAYLISS.

8585 Cramer Drive, Chilliwack, BC, Canada.

Corvo

Sir,—I have been out of England, or I would have questioned earlier your critic's phrase in reviewing *Corvo* (September 3): "A. J. A. Symons, himself a homosexual".

I do not know of any evidence to support this casually made remark, which carries a disagreeable implication of hypocrisy in the attitude expressed towards the Venice letters in *The Quest for Corvo*. To the contrary is the fact of a marriage, which broke up certainly, but broke up because of a love affair with a woman. If your critic has any evidence he should have mentioned it when he wrote, and should produce it now. If the remark is based on nothing more than gossip, it should not have been made.

JULIAN SYMONS.

37 Albert Bridge Road, London, SW11.

✻ Our reviewer writes:—I must apologize to Mr Julian Symons and the shade of his brother for an error, due to an unforgivable lapse.

Belloc Lowndes

Sir,—Your reviewer of the *Diaries and Letters of Marie Belloc Lowndes* asks who now reads Frank Danby, Rhoda Broughton, etc etc (September 17).

May I suggest that this question is totally unfair, and should be re-stated? Who *can* read them now . . . when they are all out of print and completely unobtainable? Further, who *would* read them in preference to the tripe that so often is extolled as literature, if it were possible? At any rate, publishers from time to time do not seem to consider this a pointless question, and risk a reprint!

FRANK WHITE.

56 Eastfield Road, Peterborough PE1 4AR.

Sir, The reviewer of Susan Lowndes's *Diaries and Letters of Marie Belloc Lowndes* states that most Edwardian women writers are forgotten and that "of their huge number of novels, only one survives: *The Lodger* remains as a minor classic of suspense, the single monument to all that labour".

In *A Moveable Feast*, Ernest Hemingway quotes Gertrude Stein on Mrs Lowndes: "If you don't want to read what is bad, and to read something that will hold your interest and is marvelous in its own way, you should read Marie Belloc Lowndes." Hemingway had never heard of her and Miss Stein lent him "*The Lodger*, that marvelous story of Jack the Ripper, and another book about murder at a place outside Paris that could only be Enghien les Bains". He found them "both splendid . . . the people credible and the action and the terror never false. . . . I read all the Mrs. Belloc Lowndes there was. But there was only so much and none as good as the first two." The second book is *A Chink in the Armour*. It deserves to survive along with *The Lodger* and certain other things that Mrs Belloc Lowndes wrote.

JOHN K. RYAN.

School of Philosophy, The Catholic University of America, Washington, DC 20017, USA.

'Murderers'

Sir,—Your reviewer of Patrick Wilson's *Murderess* (September 17) writes that Mr Wilson's sixty-eight female murderers include "remarkably few" Welsh ones. Considering the ratio of the population of Wales to that of the whole of Great Britain, it is hard to see what figure could be a *remarkably* small proportion of sixty-eight.

J. C. MAXWELL.

Balliol College, Oxford OX1 3BJ.

Housman's Poems

Sir,—The three trifling errors in A. E. Housman's *Collected Poems*, mentioned in *TLS* for January 11, 1968, have now been corrected in a new printing by Jonathan Cape; and we have for the first time, thanks to Mr John Carter, a perfect edition, which would satisfy even the poet's exacting standards.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan 48202, USA.

NEXT WEEK:
THE CLASS FACTOR
The first of two special issues on the relationship between social class and the arts. Special contributors next week will be: George Lichtheim, Roland Barthes, Umberto Eco, Alfred Andersch, Roy Shaw.

The Antiquarian Book Fair

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

... past month has been a busy one ... British antiquarian booksellers. ... well as preparing for the rigours ... new season, they have been ... entertaining a host of foreign colleagues who have come to London ... the annual congress of the International League of Antiquarian Booksellers. A busy and obviously ... successful week ended with an ... Antiquarian Book Fair, held at the ... Europa Hotel from September 27 ... 29. It is not the easiest sort of ... occasion to organize: it depends on ... cooperation of the exhibitors, ... the hard work of the ... body, here the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association. Mr ... Anthony Rota, of Bertram Rota, ... president, and Mr Martin ... of Peter Murray Hill, its ... vice-president, deserve every credit ... the unobtrusive yet professional ... organization, from the safe arrival ... of books to the spacious yet comfortable layout in a large room at ... Europa Hotel.

It was, perhaps, a little much to ... that there was something for ... everybody, from five-figure prices ... the millionaire, to books costing ... as little as £1 or £2" (these were ... just as rare as the former). But ... there was an amazing variety of ... There, at Charles Traylen's ... was the Caxton Boethius (c ... at £37,500 the most expensive ... in the fair, which prompted ... Frank Muir, opening the ... exhibition, to the wry aside, "I ... Mr Traylen's prices must be ... ". Maggs Brothers' display ... less spectacular, but, in a way, ... more impressive, for it contained forty incunabula, all of unusual quality.

At least one of B. M. Rosenthal's ... collection of medieval manuscripts, ... a Florentine humanistic manuscript of St Jerome's letters of the ... fifteenth century, was in the ... class, as was a fascinating ... dated Peter Lombard (Eggestein, ...). His namesake and neighbour, Albi Rosenthal, had some fine musical pieces, several in spectacular bindings; he also had the autograph score of Richard Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*, and a very rare ballet book, Lambranzi's *Nuova e curiosa scuola* (1716). E. P. Goldschmidt, in a characteristically distinguished collection, included a very early book printed by Ruppel at Basle (c 1465-70) the *Fabularius* of Conrad de Mure, and the copy of Enea Vico's *Le imagini delle donne Auguste* (1557) used by the great Dutch geographer Abraham Ortelius for his own *De Nummis veterum*.

Literary first editions of all sorts were to be found. Sharing a case together (one the property of Pickering and Chatto, the other of Seven Gables Bookshop) were Voltaire's *Candide* (1759) and T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Not far away, on E. M. Lawson's stand, were Shirley's *Poems* (1646), and the second post-Caxton printing (1553) of Lefevre's *Recuyell of the Historie of Troy*. Thomas Crowe had Richardson's *Pamela* (1741-2), and J. F. T. Rogers *Willobie His Avisa* (1609)—not the first, indeed perhaps the fifth edition, but a distinct rarity since only eight copies of the first five editions seem to have survived. Last but not least, Ben Weinreb added one volume to the carefully counted number of books from Donne's library, his copy of the *Codex Canonum* (Paris, 1609) inscribed with signature and motto; it came from an exceptionally interesting collection of Recusant books from the old Devon Catholic family of Cary.

Weinreb had some unusual and fine architectural books. Paul Grinke (who also shared an elegant catalogue of fête books with Paul Breman) had an equally fascinating collection of drawings of French naval ships, including a magnificent set of "Le Foudroyant", the flagship, in 1723. B. M. Israel had the first Dutch manual on shipbuilding, N. Witsen's *Scheeps-bouw en bestier* (1672) and an extraordinary curiosity, a medal of Sir Isaac Newton in bronze and lacquer, made in Japan for a late eighteenth-century governor of the Dutch colony there at Decima. Richard Wormser had a unique collection of early Bolivian imprints.

Diana Parikian had a charming rarity, Anania Zen *Il cavallo di razza* (1658), a miniature book illustrating 107 horse brands current in the Venetian Republic (on the same stall Clare Warrack had an exceptional run of the popular coloured manuals of Gowans and Gray). A collection of T. E. Lawrence letters and RAF documents sold for £10,000. There were some signed presentation copies: Rota showed Rolfe's *Hadrian VII* given to his brother Herbert, and Adrian Stokes's copy of Evelyn Waugh's *PRB*; Rogoyski had Faujas de Saint-Fond's *Description . . . de la Machine Aerostatique de MM. de Montgolfier*, inscribed to "John Hampton, Aeronaut", the first British parachutist; and Howes Babbage's *Table*, given by the author to Herschel and passed on to no less than five Astronomers Royal.

Lastly, there were two exceptional books; the Sassoon copy of the Complutensian Polyglot, now handsomely rebound, shown by A. G. Thomas, and Hofmann and Freeman's Sarum Hours (c 1497-8).

All in all, it was a cheerful, busy, and prosperous occasion. If there was no shortage of books, there were plenty of buyers. The prevailing impression was of a much wider variety of books than is normal, and a surprising number of new young members of the trade. A fair like this provides an admirable opportunity for them to make their name, and, if the ABA can face it, it would be an excellent plan if this could become an annual fixture.

Graham Greene
A SORT OF LIFE
An Autobiography
£1.80
BODLEY HEAD

Story of bad luck— —and good

MICHAEL ALEXANDER :
Mrs Fraser on the Fatal Shore
185pp. Michael Joseph. £2.50.

Eliza Fraser had the misfortune to be shipwrecked off the eastern coast of what is now Queensland (the fatal shore) in 1836. The story of her subsequent adventures is so extraordinary that the reader soon feels compelled to return to Michael Alexander's warning in the preface: "With the passing of time the story of Mrs Fraser and her convict deliverer have become more legend than history, and it is not easy to separate fact from fantasy." However, the story, by its very fantastic nature, soon has the reader in its grip.

Mrs Fraser's adventures included giving birth to a baby under water, "born drowned", as Mr Alexander puts it; living with a tribe of aborigines for several months, avoiding death and, perhaps even more astonishing, a fate worse than death: and being forced to mother an aboriginal child. However the real hero who emerges is not the indefatigable Mrs Fraser, but one John Taylor who effected a daring rescue of the lady. Taylor, a convict who had lived among the aborigines and understood their language, displayed great courage and cunning in extricating Mrs Fraser from her desperate situation. He was belatedly rewarded with his ticket-of-leave and £10. The hapless Fraser party appear to have been decidedly unlucky to be captured by a particularly unfriendly tribe who were prone to use their captives as slaves and even given to cannibalism. Other tribes in the region had accepted escaped convicts—such as Taylor, Bracefell and "Tallboy" Banks—as equals and even superiors, believing them to be reincarnations of long-lost friends.

Throughout, Mrs Fraser remains somewhat enigmatic and finally emerges as a less than heroic figure. On her return to England, with a new husband (the original one having been killed by the aborigines), she was party to several attempts to obtain money fraudulently on the basis of the hardships she had suffered. Her guilt in those affairs is not clear, as it is apparent that her new husband was something of a Svengali. In spite of these uncomfortable facts, it must be conceded that she was undoubtedly a remarkable woman. All in all, Mr Alexander has an amazing story to tell and he tells it well.

The illustrations used are good, but too many of them are not really relevant to the story. There is no index and, worse, many aspects of the story are not supported by a bibliography of source material. This is a serious omission in a story so many aspects of which demand evidence to be cited; but there is an interesting appendix of title-pages of contemporary accounts of Mrs Fraser's adventures.

JONATHAN AITKEN :
Land of Fortune
A Study of the New Australia
267pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.75.

Land of Fortune is a perfect demonstration of the old adage that journalism should be kept within the pages of newspapers. If Jonathan Aitken's book had appeared—as indeed it may have done—as a series of articles in his great-uncle's *Evening Standard*, it would have been acceptable enough. Mr Aitken is a good reporter with an eye for colour and an ear for a vivid phrase. He has worked hard, interviewed all the right (i.e., the obvious) people and produced many statistics, some of which must be correct. His book does not contain more mistakes and inaccuracies than are usual in articles of this kind, though there are a frightening number. He has a few good stories to tell, and his description of the mining boom in Australia in 1969 is very good reading indeed.

But as a book it simply is not good enough. To begin with, it is already painfully out of date. Mr Aitken has made some efforts to overcome this: he has managed, for instance, to get in Mr Gorton's succession by Mr McMahon as Prime Minister though not, of course, his more recent departure from office. But it can only annoy Australians to read that shares in Hamersley Iron reached $12.00 "and have climbed ever since", when today they are listed at $3.20; or to be told about the brilliant future of Mr Barton's Sunday *Observer* in Melbourne when that paper ceased publication a few months ago. One could make a long list of similar mishaps.

More serious, however, is the fact that the whole book is out of focus. Most of it was obviously written at the height of the mining boom in 1969 which seems to have excited Mr Aitken as much as it excited many Australians. But that heady if slightly lunatic era now seems almost as distant to Australians as, let us say, the Great Depression. It is not merely that the boom is well and truly over —though, of course, there [illegible] similar booms in future [illegible] thinking Australians are [illegible] ashamed of it as having reveal[illegible] too clearly their own imma[illegible]

Moreover the boom has be[illegible] placed by serious economic [illegible] which should have been app[illegible] an experienced observer [illegible] 1969, but which Mr Aitken do[illegible] seem to have noticed. There [illegible] instance, no hint in these [illegible] the very serious rural crisis [illegible] now threatening the great [illegible] dustry with total ruin. Austr[illegible] be a land of unlimited oppor[illegible] and undiscovered resources [illegible] is no more immune than any [illegible] from economic difficulties [illegible] new technical inventions and [illegible] in the pattern of world trade.

Mr Aitken's enthusiasm f[illegible] tralia is unbounded, though [illegible] ing this book it is a little d[illegible] see why. For in many ways [illegible] a most unflattering, though [illegible] typed, picture of its inhabi[illegible] beer-swilling, sports-mad [illegible] without an idea in their head[illegible] of his criticisms are just [illegible] seem grossly exaggerated [illegible] own description of youth[illegible] haviour at Surfers' Pa[illegible] Queensland, though perhap[illegible] coloured, surely refutes hi[illegible] that Australia is the last st[illegible] of Puritans and Wowsers.)

But he nowhere tries to p[illegible] beneath the conventional p[illegible] Australia (which, in fairn[illegible] tralians themselves too oft[illegible] to discover what is really h[illegible] in this young and exciting [illegible] He is too skilled a journalist [illegible] pay a passing tribute to A[illegible] writers (Patrick White and [illegible] Keneally), painters (Sidney [illegible] and Russell Drysdale), ar[illegible] tects (Roy Grounds and [illegible] Seidler) but his comments [illegible] calls "The Cultural Scene" [illegible] conventional and as superfi[illegible] everything else. The few i[illegible] observations have mostly be[illegible] from other and better book[illegible] the title which, one can only [illegible] is a rather stilted English [illegible] of Donald Horne's *The [illegible] Country*.

Going down down under

C. B. SCHEDVIN :
Australia and the Great Depression
419pp. Sydney University Press. Distributed by International Scholarly Book Services. £4.70.

Caught midway in the process of transformation from a primary producer to a modern industrial economy, Australia was badly hit by the Great Depression of the 1930s. In the five years after 1927 Australian gross national expenditure fell by 76 per cent (i.e., even more than in the United States), while unemployment reached a peak of more than 28 per cent in 1932 and over the years 1930-34 averaged 23.4 per cent (again worse than in the United States, and worse than in the United Kingdom too).

The Australian problem had two main aspects. For exports and earnings of foreign exchange she was heavily dependent on wheat and wool. Wheat suffered like other foodstuffs from the consequences of increased production in the years after 1914 in the face of a European demand that was adversely affected by a fall in the rate of population growth and a decline in the proportion of income spent on basic foodstuffs. As with other raw materials entering into international trade, wool also was badly affected by the stagnation in the staple European industries between the wars. The world economic crisis which precipitated the slump suddenly intensified the downward pressures on the prices of primary commodities. In the three years after 1927 the price of both wool and wheat fell by half. Australia's export earnings collapsed and her rural sector became deeply depressed.

The further complication in the Australian problem was her heavy reliance on British capital for financing the industrialization which had become a marked feature of the economy before 1914. Not only was private industrial investment in the cities dependent on overseas borrowing, but so also was the large government expenditure on the infrastructure and public utilities, including water supplies, electricity, roads, and education. Between 1907-10 and 1925-28 the proportion of new British investment in overseas government securities going to Australia rose from 9 per cent to 43 per cent of the whole. With the collapse of wool and wheat prices the sharp decline in foreign earnings made it impossible to finance this rapid growth of overseas borrowing and led in 1929-30 to a severe liquidity crisis.

Drastic remedies were called for, and these took the orthodox form of high tariffs, quotas, and absolute prohibitions on imports together with cuts in expenditure, employment, and wages. With international reserves almost exhausted overseas payments were balanced in 1931. Recovery, it was believed, had to await an improvement in export prices, and in fact rural incomes showed little improvement until after 1934. Before this, however, there developed a rapid rise in manufacturing output. The industrial recovery, indeed, was associated with the drastic reduction in imports which the collapse of export earnings had necessitated. The depression encouraged the shift of resources to the manufacturing sector: tariff protection and import replacement gave Australian industry a much needed stimulus, which particularly affected textiles, iron and steel, and the engineering and metal processing industries. Further encouragement to the industrial sector was given by devaluation and the fall in money wages.

The consequences of the depression for Australia, therefore, were a marked withdrawal from the international economy and a new reliance on domestic sources of capital; the sharp decline in competitive imports made possible a rapid expansion of manufacturing, and as an indirect result most of the unemployed were absorbed in the consequent growth of the tertiary sector.

Thus, remarks Dr Schedvin, the depression "helped to lay the foundation for comparatively stable long-term growth in the postwar period". In addition to documenting this significant transformation in the Australian economy, his volume deals admirably with the formulation of economic policy. Here, he argues, there was little real innovation. There were, indeed, substantial changes in the administrative machinery for managing the economy. The role of the Commonwealth Treasury vis-à-vis the state treasuries was greatly enlarged and there was an improvement in the quality of the officials; the power and influence of the Commonwealth Bank were extended to cover responsibility for monetary management; and further, there was greater coordination in the policies of the state governments, the trading banks, the Tariff Board, and the determination of wages by the Commonwealth Arbitration Court. Policy itself, however, was not the deliberate means of effecting the rapid internal adjustment of the economy, as has long been supposed. Rather, policy represented recognition of the changes suddenly forced upon the country by the intolerable pressures of acute external imbalance. It was not policy decisions but market forces that were dominant in the Australian reaction to the depression. And just as the long-term character of Australian industrial-urban development lent extraordinary power to the external pressures, so recovery itself derived from the leap forward of the industrial sector when the effects of the [illegible] adjustments were felt.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW : MELBOURNE

No. 14—1971

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To the South

ERWIN H. J. FEEKEN, GERDA E. E. FEEKEN and O. H. K. SPATE :
The Discovery and Exploration of Australia
318pp. Nelson. £6.

This book is one of the more unusual results of the revival of interest in Australian history engendered by the recent bicentenary of Captain Cook's discovery of eastern Australia. Unusual, because it is really a combination of three books: a scholarly historical outline, a general history drawn from biographies, and a gazetteer. The title is so general as to be misleading, omitting any reference to what is perhaps the most important element of the work, the gazetteer. Nor is it made clear that the subject is not pursued beyond 1901. The lengthy introduction by O. H. K. Spate is an excellent account of the nature of the exploration, and reminds us of the important role played by explorers of other than British descent, notably Baudin, de Freycinet, Leichhardt and Strzelecki.

Erwin and Gerda Feeken, who emigrated from Germany in 1954 and who could be seen as the modern equivalents of those who have been drawn to "discover and explore Australia", then take up the story in the form of chronologically arranged biographies of "explorers who were responsible for the more important discoveries in Australia". However, one problem with this method of historical writing is to ensure that each explorer receives the space which reflects his importance. In this respect, justice does not appear to have been done to some, particularly Hume and Hovell and Blaxland, Wentworth and Lawson. It is a tribute to the narrative skill of the authors that most of the explorers emerge as real people with identifiable personalities. The sheer professionalism of most of [illegible] plorers serves to highlight [illegible] romantics of the story: [illegible] Leichhardt and Burke. A p[illegible] emerges from many of the [illegible] the remarkably amicable [illegible] ship which existed between [illegible] igines and the explorers. [illegible] clashes were the exception [illegible] than the rule, and it was not [illegible] arrival of large numbers of [illegible] that the relationship began to [illegible]

Perhaps the most original [illegible] formative section is the gaz[illegible] Australian place-names. Alth[illegible] does not extend beyond 1[illegible] does explain the origins of [illegible] mately 4,000 placename[illegible] gazetteer is supported by an [illegible] lent collection of maps, altho[illegible] general reader might hav[illegible] better served by the placing of [illegible] maps at relevant points in the [illegible]

Thus there are three section[illegible] fulfilling its particular purp[illegible] not quite combining to produ[illegible] evenly balanced work. The [illegible] not be so important if the bo[illegible] used as a reference tool, but [illegible] as a whole it does make for [illegible] disjointed reading. There is a [illegible] prehensive bibliography, a[illegible] quate index, and a large selec[illegible] excellent illustrations. A [illegible] number of these are prints held [illegible] National Library of Austral[illegible] the best are from the rich Na[illegible] collection of Australiana.

The scope and nature [illegible] *Treatise on the Mo[illegible]* (402pp. Rome: Jesuit H[illegible] stitute. Leather $11 [illegible] paperback, $8.10) are [illegible] the sub-title: "Probabl[illegible] inary Version of Apolo[illegible] Lost *Historia das Mo[illegible]* editorial work by H[illegible] Jacobs, SJ, has been [illegible] and the book is an [illegible] tribution to [illegible]

THINKING BY NUMBERS: 7

Tuning in to the natural law

BY WILFRID MELLERS

We live in a technological age; technology is the servant of science, and science [illegible] mathematics: so it is hardly [illegible]sing that number pervades our [illegible]ousness even in fields, such as [illegible] which we have been accustomed to associate with romantic [illegible]. Yet paradoxically it was post-Renaissance, humanist [illegible] itself that, in identifying art [illegible] expression and communication, [illegible] same time encouraged inquiry [illegible] the nature of the physical [illegible]se and of the human mind. [illegible]'s obsession with self—with the [illegible]y of his experience here and [illegible]—inevitably led to his desire to [illegible], scientifically to analyse, quan[illegible]ly to codify and control.

[illegible] modern preoccupation with [illegible]er, in the (potentially) more [illegible]at arts such as music and [illegible]ing, reflects this; numerology [illegible]en had some impact on poetry [illegible] in "concrete" forms, though [illegible]y—using verbal counters with [illegible]able meaning as well as emo[illegible]al overtone—is obviously the art [illegible] directly concerned with expres[illegible] and communication. One [illegible] simply regard this renewed [illegible]tion of number into art as part [illegible] familiar dichotomy between [illegible] two cultures. Indeed, number [illegible] be anti-scientific: or rather [illegible]tics may become the ally of [illegible] in an intuitive attempt to [illegible] the pretensions of post-[illegible]ance humanism. The situation, to put it discreetly, is con[illegible]; perhaps it is time we thought [illegible] about what, in terms of [illegible] number has meant in the past [illegible]ght mean in the future: for [illegible] heirs to a rational tradi[illegible] have become oddly nervous [illegible]ght.

* * *

[illegible]-called primitive societies it is [illegible] that—today and for several [illegible]d years past—art has no [illegible] with our notions of expres[illegible] and communication. There is [illegible] attempting to contact Them; [illegible]tist is rather a medium, [illegible] whom or which an act [illegible]lation occurs. The musician [illegible] no concern with evolution [illegible]elopment in time; supremely [illegible]tionalist, his purpose is to [illegible] the conditions in which [illegible]on may happen. He would [illegible] self rather than find it; [illegible]petition—whether in song, basket-work or bead-work [illegible] means towards this [illegible]ment. Repetition. In[illegible] counting; and the permuta[illegible] number often have magical [illegible]tions. This becomes explicit [illegible] sophisticated Oriental [illegible].

[illegible] ragas of classical Indian [illegible] are preordained series of [illegible]relationships which, in accord [illegible] the acoustical-emotive pro[illegible] of intervals, originally [illegible] from the instinctual [illegible]ur of the human voice. [illegible]thmic talas are prearranged [illegible] patterns that cannot [illegible] permutations of mathemati[illegible]; and both raga and tala are [illegible]ed as having cosmological sig[illegible]ce. The infinitely subtle, var[illegible] human nuances of pitch in [illegible]'s melodic line flow (whim[illegible] whispering, sighing, crying, laughing) from given intervallic relationships; and create, under the stimulation and even opposition of the drummer's numerical law, togetherness from their interaction. So in this music to lose the self is to find it; and without its numerology classical Indian music would be impotent. Number is not here an arbitrary imposition; it is the law within which, and only within which, we live, move, and have our being.

Comparable notions underlie the music of most Oriental cultures; and the musical instincts of the ancient Chinese and Arabians were allied to their mathematical genius. Similarly Greek music was related to the Pythagorean science of numbers, the mathematical laws of harmonic proportion being part of a developed cosmology. Indeed, music's social importance lay in its power to "keep unsteady Nature to her Law", reconciling *ekstasis* with the intellectual worship of number, and mutually satisfying the claims of mind, body and spirit. Something of this survives into the Christian theocracy of Europe's Middle Ages. The rhythmic modes of troubadour song are still imperfectly understood, occasioning academic disputation. Most probably they are based on the metres of classical prosody; but since Arabian influence on troubadour song is established (by way of the Crusades), it is remotely feasible that vestiges of ancient permutation theory survive.

If this is speculation, it is fact that medieval musicians in general organized their music on principles of metrical proportion, rather than of harmonic congruence; and that these proportions had doctrinal as well as mathematical significance. The association of "perfect" rhythm (which is triple) with the Trinity dates back at least as far as Philippe de Vitry (1291-1361); nor can one disentangle this Christian symbolism from the magical, pre-Christian numerology rife in medieval alchemy. Disentanglement is hardly called for, since the mathematical structures work precisely because they are doctrinally credible; the fact of belief matters more than the logic of what is believed.

Such "doctrinal" conceptions survived well into the Renaissance, when music was becoming harmonically rather than metrically orientated. Harmonic perspective, based on the Harmonic Series which is in turn related to the Solar Spectrum, is itself scientific law, abortively investigated centuries back by the Greeks: so, after the revival of classical learning, the old numerological disciplines ran in harness with intervallic logic, which equated the "perfect" fifth with God, the nefariously imperfect fifth with the Devil.

There is a fairly close analogy between the structure of a Machaut motet and that of a Gothic cathedral. The main structure of the cathedral is a feat of mathematical engineering, to which the individual craftsmen add their contributions. Similarly the medieval motet is built on the rock of the plainsong cantus firmus (the Word of God and the Church), the other parts being added separately, each meaningful in itself, more meaningful in relation to the whole.

The linear-mathematical principles of Machaut's famous *Messe de Notre Dame* (1364?) have clear affinities with the concept of the Oriental raga; while its technique of isochronous rhythm—a metrical sequence which remains constant for a given part, though the pitch relationships change—is comparable with the Oriental tala, especially since the rhythmic patterns are complex and asymmetrical, and often have doctrinal as well as musical import. Harmonic dualities occur—there is a fierce coruscation of dissonances for the Crucifixion; but they are absorbed in the unalterable grandeur of the mathematical proportions, the god-like reiteration of the absolute consonances of fourth and fifth, the splendour of sonority, the supernal reverberation of bells.

It is interesting that, at the very end of the Middle Ages, when a once stable world was in disintegration, preoccupation with the presumed certitudes of mathematics became well-nigh obsessive. Both music and mathematics were considered as branches of philosophy, astronomy and theology: in which related disciplines most medieval composers (who were often also clerics) were trained. A puzzle-piece such as Machaut's *Ma fin est mon commencement et mon commencement est ma fin* (wherein the tenor accompanies the cantus with the same melody backwards, while the countertenor part proceeds to its middle point and then inverts itself) may be said to "music", by mathematical permutation, a philosophical concept. Yet humanity flowers, in the smooth lines and sensuously triadic harmony, through the acceptance of mathematical law; and can do so because the law is envisaged as philosophical, if not exactly theological.

* * *

About a hundred years later, when the Renaissance has burgeoned, one finds a comparable equivocation in Dunstable's motet, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. Here the harmony is consistently triadic, with the mellifluous, tender sensuality of high Renaissance music. Yet the sensuality is passive, directionless; and the piece's structure is unambiguously medieval, linear and mathematical. The plainsong cantus firmus is repeated three times in notational values that decrease "doctrinally" by a third (a musical synonym for the Trinity); the rhythmic structure is isochronous; and the three liturgically related texts are sung simultaneously.

The Christianized versions of raga and tala are still evident; and the rhythm of the lines dissolves the sense of temporal progression, largely because the metrical proportions are complex, independent of an earth-beat. Again, the numerical elements in this music's structure are inseparable from its function: which was not to express Dunstable's attitude to the world in which he found him[illegible]f, but to create an atmosphere through which an act of revelation might occur.

Renaissance man, and still more would-be-heroic man of the Baroque age, relied less on adventitious support exterior to his will. True rationality itself paid homage to nature; music theorists who were trained as scientists proliferated, from Mersenne (1583-1648), to Sauveur (1653-1716), to the great Rameau himself, who was a professional composer with as much science as he needed; while the laws of harmonic proportion and of metrical symmetry (in music as in architecture) implicitly related concord achieved within the mind to social order dictated by God as master mechanic. No longer, however, did composers regard mathematical discipline as directly relevant to their craft: with the unique exception of the greatest of classical Baroque composers, J. S. Bach.

One might almost say that Bach—born and bred in a community isolated from the central European currents, dedicated to Christian mysticism, permeated by the sense of death—is for us the supreme religious composer because he reconciles the maximum command of an abstract spiritual order with the maximum awareness of the "pain of consciousness", the most perfect development of contrapuntal science with the highest density of harmonic tension. The research of Friedrich Swend has demonstrated that Bach was obsessed with an archaic number symbolism, almost to the point of fanaticism; how apposite this obsession was to the functioning of his musical imagination is sublimely revealed in his last composition—the chorale prelude "Vor deinen Thron tret' ich allhier", said to have been dictated on his deathbed.

The tune itself, of course, was not Bach's creation, but the property of his Church. Every note that occurs in the piece is a permutation, capable of mathematical formulation, of this Church-and-God-given sequence of tones: for the hymn is stated, clause by clause, in long note values, while the accompanying figurations are entirely thematic, each phrase of the chorale being treated in diminution as a fugue subject, the answer usually being by inversion. The concluding phrase appears in its original hymn-tune values, in diminution and in double diminution simultaneously, and both ways up. The number of fugal entries corresponds to Bach's names in the letters of the numerical alphabet; yet the mathematical and magical-doctrinal elements in the music condition its profoundly emotional effect.

The progression of the parts is mainly by step or by smooth intervals moving in even quavers at about the speed of the human pulse. The persistent answer by inversion creates an equilibrium of emotion, each rise being balanced by a fall; and this linear undulation is reflected both in the harmonic and the tonal scheme. Though the harmony is often tensely dissonant, its pathos dissolves in the measured flow of the lines, the luminous euphony of the spacing. So Bach's intense personal feeling (he knew he was dying) is absorbed into something greater than himself. This we can deduce from the technique of the music. It happens also to be collaborated by the (unsung) text of the hymn, which commends the spirit into God's hands and relates us, as well as Bach, to the infinite.

The equation between music and mathematics which Bach here demonstrates is pervasive throughout his work, not merely in the canonic complexities of late pieces such as the Goldberg Variations, the Art of Fugue and The Musical Offering. Schweitzer once said that the canonic aria "Et in unum Dominum" from the B Minor Mass is more effective testimony to the doctrine of the Trinity than could be offered by any theologian. This is true in the sense that the music makes *incarnate* the tense togetherness of fallible human passion with infallible divine order. Crucifixion-like, the scrunching dissonances lacerate the heart; yet the long lines flow, the rhythms are as imperturbable as the God-given pulse, the canonic unity-in-diversity seems eternally unalterable. So the music attains a peace that does indeed "pass understanding" by the conscious mind; and perhaps one cannot expect to find such consummated peace except in a society where acceptance of the Law is itself an act of faith.

Yet although in the late eighteenth and the nineteenth century numerology is no longer an overriding concern of composers, analysis demonstrates that the structural principles inherent in the music of a Mozart or a Beethoven betray unconscious mathematical processes analogous to those more wittingly accepted by Bach. We may even hazard that some such delicate balance between personal intensity and suprapersonal law is typical of all great art: and can have little doubt that the tense serenity typical of the late music of Mozart and Beethoven—whereby the music carries an immense burden of human passion yet is at the same time detached from it—is similar in essence to the quality we have discovered in Bach. Given the basic disparity in idiom, we may be confident that analytical comparison of (say) Bach's Goldberg Variations and Beethoven's Diabelli Variations would reveal profoundly significant technical (and mathematical) parallels.

* * *

During nineteenth-century romanticism numerology went underground, making sporadic appearances in the weirdly Hoffmannesque wizardry of Schumann. If underground, however, it was not forgotten; and the brilliant work of Lorenz has demonstrated that even the vast structures of Wagner, arch-apostle of romantic ego-mania, involve complex arithmetical proportions, just as his plumbing of the Self was also a revelation of Jungian archetypes. Certainly it is Wagner who provides a link to the renewal of number in the work of twentieth-century composers—a renewal that may suggest a diminishing faith in man's ability to be sufficient unto himself. Whether this also implies a discovery or rediscovery of a faith in an absolute is another, and crucial, question: which must be explored, though no answer can be definitive.

We have suggested that the modern preoccupation with number is at once scientific and magical; this is manifest in the work of the central twentieth-century classics. Bartók was a traditionally humanist composer, relatable to Beethoven, despite the non-Western elements his music absorbed from Magyar folk-song. Yet he discovered that the temporal proportions in his works corresponded exactly to the Golden Section (whereby the shorter part is to the longer part as the longer part is to the whole): through which the Italian mathematician Luca Pacioli, in his *De divina Proportione* of 1497, had sought to establish a measurable criterion of beauty. Almost certainly similar principles would apply to the music of any genuine composer. None the less, it is significant that Bartók, like the Renaissance aesthetician before him, became consciously aware of them, and in later works made some deliberate application of mathematical principles.

Similarly Hindemith deduced from his own practice a theory of tonal relationships based on the acoustical facts of the harmonic series: which he then related to a cosmological view of music's function, different from that of medieval, Renaissance or even Baroque

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theorists, mainly in being an intellectual construction rather than an inherited belief. Schoenberg is a more radical case in that he started, as Wagner's successor, from immediate awareness of a world in decay. The technical synonym for this disintegration was total chromaticism, divorced from harmonic roots—in exploring which Schoenberg entered the inner life of the psyche, rejecting both social and religious absolutes.

When in *Erwartung* the Woman, deep in the "blind mazes of this tangled wood", glimpses the path that might lead her out to the light, the Way becomes an ostinato figure that marks the beginning of Schoenbergian serialism. A pre-ordained sequence of pitches becomes a beacon, a support through harmonic and tonal deliquescence—much as the plainsong cantus firmus had been a Rock to hold to, the Word to guide man through the disintegrative labyrinth of late Gothic polyphony. Mathematical permutation theory is implicit in all serial composition: though Schoenberg was evasive in applying serialism only to pitch. Unwilling or unable to relinquish his humanistic romanticism, Schoenberg sought the spirit's renewal from the body's death—just as Freud, also a Jew in Vienna, melting-pot of Europe, sought to reintegrate the dislocated facets of the personality. Schoenberg's life's work was a search for a faith.

His greatest achievement, the opera *Moses and Aaron*, was significantly partial because unfinished. It derives its material from a single row, which is explicitly a synonym for God: the ultimate unity of musical space in which, as the composer has said, there is no up or down, no left or right, no backwards or forwards, no tension, only suspension. The row is the Law, magically dividing the twelve semitones into four trinities of perfect and imperfect fourths, and of minor thirds and augmented fifths, producing chords with minimal harmonic implication for tonally trained ears. Similarly the first horizontal statement of the row is a mirror structure with retrograde inversion—the serpent eating its own tail. The row, being God's eternity and infinity, could release us from consciousness and guilt. Yet the more Aaron, as mediator between spirit and flesh, engages in dramatic action, the more the melodic and harmonic properties of the music become identified with the falling-away from God, which culminates in the corporeal frenzy of the "Dance around the Golden Calf".

The union of corporeality and spirituality—so sublimely achieved in Bach and late Beethoven—is not attained in *Moses and Aaron*: which ceases on the phrase "O Word that I lack". Some would say that the burden of his humanist past was too heavy for Schoenberg, others that his commitment to humanity was his saving grace. Certainly the pathological, even lunatic, flavour of his cult of numerology marks his distinction as Jewish Outsider (and as such, our representative) from Bach. A pre-medieval necromancer, he even managed to die on the astrologically preordained day.

* * *

If Schoenberg's disciple Webern succeeds where the master failed, that is because his human commitment is less. For Schoenberg the row was inseparable from the (passionately yearning) themes; for Webern it was a predetermined structure within which creation could exist. He was particularly partial to rows whose second half is a mirror inversion of the first—an eternity symbol wherein "here is necessity, here is God". The Piano Variations, in which the theme is accompanied by itself backwards and inverted, is a key case: so is the first movement of the Symphony, opus 21—a double canon by inversion, in two symmetrical halves, both repeated. Such music achieves the mystical "light of the eye" (the title of one of the later cantatas), a haven of quiet within the mind: but is closer to the precariously desperate unity of the late Gothic motet than to Bach's synthesis of contrapuntal monism with harmonic duality.

In a sense Webern's limitation of range is his strength. Schoenberg, concerned with the artist-hero's role in history, failed to enter the Promised Land. Webern achieves his exiguous moments of vision: which may be why he has been so widely influential. When Boulez made his notorious pronouncement, "Schoenberg est mort", he was dismissing not Schoenberg's artistic achievement but his compromise with humanist tradition.

It was Webern's tiny perfection that suggested to Křenek, and then to Boulez and Stockhausen, the inescapable logic of complete serialization—not merely of pitch, but of frequency, duration, intensity and timbre as well. Not fortuitously, this development coincided with the electronic age: for the number of possible permutations merely of the twelve equally tempered semitones is 479,001,600, as estimated as far back as 1920 by the theorist-composer Hauer!

Clearly the possibilities of total determinism would be beyond mere human resource; and even with the aid of computerized techniques an infinitely complex total determinism has proved totally inapprehensible by finite human minds. Whereas for the Indian sitar player, for Machaut, Dunstable, Bach, Schoenberg or Webern, the Law was a superhuman means to a human end, as an end in itself the Law spells disaster. This is evident in some of the products of the American school of Milton Babbitt—though not in Babbitt's own later compositions, which in any case abandon total serialization. It is understandable that the young should welcome demonstrable proof, and even be prepared to ask the wrong questions to get it. I myself have had a pupil who devised a permutational series of prodigious complexity for a composition; and then admitted that the only thing he had not considered was the noises the instruments would make.

Total predeterminism was almost a *ne plus ultra* of nineteenth-century rationality; not surprisingly it had a theoretical counterpart in the work of Schillinger, who claimed that all musical behaviour was mathematically explicable, so that theoretically it ought to be possible to compose music according to prescription. While there is much in Schillinger's theories which is genuinely an aid to analytical understanding, his work was vitiated by its rationalistic naivety; even the highly sophisticated techniques of analysis cultivated by Babbitt's associates assume that statistic theory can be a substitute for commentary on (inevitably fallible) human thought and feeling.

It is true that such statistical and mathematical relationships exist; it is untrue that of themselves they "explain" anything about music's human relevance. The naivety, perhaps, consists in the old-fashioned desire for explication, the reluctance to accept mystery and unpredictability. Statistical analysis seems likely to follow total predeterminism into limbo; for modern physics itself has been obliged to call on a mathematical concept of uncertainty, and flesh-and-blood composers have discovered that a completely cerebral rationality leads irremediably to a cult of the irrational.

The seeds of this were sown early in the century. In his youth Stravinsky created a neo-primitive *Rite of Spring* in which Boulez's famous analysis has revealed mathematical miracles of metrical complexity; and while this analysis helps us to understand why the music has preserved its shattering impact through so many years, one could hardly conceive of music more visceral, less cerebral, in aural effect. Even Stravinsky's serialism, when in later years he took it over from Webern, is far from Schoenbergian expressionism and closer to the religious-magical, rune-like crab canons of the "Gothic desperation".

Among other senior twentieth-century composers Messiaen and Varèse, both heirs to Debussy (a pantheistic musical magician if ever there was one), have compared their compositional processes to crystal formation, the solar spectrum, astrology, and the alchemical transformation of matter. Their science is scarcely more than metaphorical; and although Messiaen's *Technique de mon langage musical* employs mathematical terminology to describe his mode formations, retrograde metrical series and "modes d'intensité", the effect of such procedures in his scores directly parallels that of similar procedures in primitive and Oriental music.

Similarly Varèse—who had training as a mathematical engineer and who gave pseudo-scientific titles, such as *Ionisation* and *Intégrales*, to most of his works—draws directly on alchemical lore in *Arcana*. He also describes Debussy (and might have described himself) as a "fantastic chemist", balancing timbres, chords, sonorities, and rhythms against one another: while his incremental repetition, and gradual transformation, of short melodic motives has obvious affinities with primitive sources. Much the same applies to his use of electronics. Whereas Babbitt stands "god-like, above the material", which he hands to the synthesizer, Varèse wants electronically to "project a musical thought, initiate it, and then let it take its own course".

Such an "environmental" music, though compounded of sounds of the big city, is savagely magical in essence; and it is not fortuitous that Varèse's music is admired by the Greek Xenakis, another composer trained as mathematician and architectural engineer. Forty years ago Varèse described Viennese serialism as a hardening of the musical arteries; Xenakis is no less uncompromising in rejecting total predeterminism and in substituting the probability calculus for arithmetic and geometry. His "stochastic" music abandons definition of pitch and of rhythm and, in *Metastasis*, produces by way of continuous string glissandi a shimmering sound which the composer has compared to a chirruping of multitudinous grasshoppers.

He also claims to have "constructed" pieces on the same fundaments as his buildings: to have "illustrated" in music sundry scientific theorems: and in *Nomos* (meaning Rule or Law) to have made music which "possesses an extra-temporal architecture based on the theory of group transformations and utilizes the theory of 'sieves' which annexes the congruences module z and which is the result of an axiomatic theory of the universal structure of music".

* * *

Such statements, in so far as they are intelligible to mere musicians, beg many questions. What precisely, in such contexts, is the meaning of the words construct, illustrate and utilize? How far is the composer responsible for the sounds the Law seemingly creates? What, if any, analogy is there between the effect these sounds make on us as we experience them and the effect made by the sounds in the examples we cited from Machaut, Dunstable, Bach, Schoenberg, and Webern? Certainly the mathematics of Xenakis's highly sophisticated techniques derived from the probability calculus are no more discernible by the human ear than are the mathematics of the rudimentary chance operations favoured by John Cage.

In his early years Cage had used number in precisely the magical fashion of Oriental cultures; in "Sonatas and Interludes" the preordained metrical pattern, related to the "permanent emotions of Indian tradition", is a talisman to free consciousness simply because it is preordained. But the series was, presumably, consciously selected, as were the kind and quality of the prepared piano sonorities. As the years have passed, Cage has relied less on choice, more on number fortuitously arrived at by such primitive means as the tossing of dice, the throw of coins, the noting of imperfections on the paper; and has come close to deifying number in so far as it is pre-existent to consciousness.

A piece such as Cage's Music for Carillon, constructed on a roll on the principle of the paper cut-out, proves that a music totally predetermined and a music totally indeterminate of anything except chance are identical in being beyond fallibility and moral cha[...] therefore value). This is [...] when, in recent works, Ca[...] employed computers to [...] infinitely wider range of [...] ties. Once more, there is no [...] Them; and the effect, in our [...] logical age, is exactly a[...] to the magical music pr[...] primitive peoples, with the [...] that savages, believing [...] magic, know what it i[...] whereas Cage's audience does[...]

None the less it seems t[...] is a growing public for [...] ritual act; and it is hard[...] ing—in view of the ultima[...] of total determinacy and [...] terminacy—that Stockhausen [...] have come to terms with C[...] that the public for bo[...] overlap with the young au[...] progressive pop. Even Stock[...] *Gesang der Jünglinge* [...] his early, serially determi[...] and still perhaps the most [...] electronic composition—is [...] concerned with youth and [...] a world more disastrous[...] mented than Europe at the [...] of the Middle Ages; a[...] intended as a ritual act, for [...] ance in church. While the [...] Christian implications in S[...] sen's recent works, the [...] quintessentially religious; [...] *mung*, devised for a [...] talented young people, is [...] unless the audience pa[...] with the performers, in [...] mony.

The title may be tr[...] "tuning": which is pre[...] happens, in technical ter[...] human voices tune thems[...] pure overtone series, th[...] spectrum, the voice of N[...] self; and are assisted to [...] almost inaudible perfect [...] series on tape. The [...] scientist-priest offers a h[...] or ear to fallible huma[...] accepting their imperfec[...] technical and physical [...] tuning is also a m[...] process whereby the ind[...] comes part of the [...] Moreover, tuning to the [...] complemented by a proce[...] the separate voices tu[...] another in rhythm, d[...] timbre as well as pitch, [...] union between man and [...] man and woman) being a[...] an invocation of ele[...] Names and by way of the [...] the phonetic alphabet.

Once a Magic Name [...] called by a singer (at K[...] the composer's, volition) [...] peated until "renewed [...] achieved". The process [...] comparable with the tr[...] tions of medieval alche[...] sought *illuminatio* from t[...] stone; and the proof of the [...] is in the hearing, for in [...] this work something [...] happens. It is irrelevant [...] that an act of transcendence[...] tion, achieved through inc[...] (divine?) numerical propo[...] the cosmos, is not what [...] tionally been meant, in E[...] "music".

It would seem that the [...] tory number has intermitt[...] a means towards the fulfi[...] release of consciousness [...] human stress and distress [...] laws which are "beyond" [...] fallibility, though we wil[...] within their sway. At time[...] tual and emotional incerti[...] ematical law has also be[...] evasion of human perple[...] this has happened in our [...] will happen again, the m[...] science and magic are bo[...] confused. But there is als[...] we have suggested, in whic[...] and magic may be not co[...] identified; and in this s[...] time of acute philosoph[...] social crisis, mathematical [...] assist at a spiritual rebirth[...] what Stockhausen [...] and if he succeeds [...] transcended Schoenberg [...] This won't make his [...] cal achievement greater [...] Schoenberg or [...] other major compo[...] tieth century [...] possibly mean [...] himself as the mo[...] cant compos[...] will be justified [...]

[...]ecessary but unknowable truths

[...] WOOLHOUSE:
[...]'s Philosophy of Science and [...]ledge
[...] Oxford: Blackwell. £2.75.

[...]g the history of philosophy in [...]perly critical spirit, but with[...] injustice, is no easy matter. Em[...] the resources of current [...]ophy runs the risk that current [...]ptions will be so taken for [...]d that it becomes impossible [...]aracterize the beliefs of earlier [...]rs without their appearing [...]ly and uninterestingly absurd. [...] difficulties are, of course, in[...] by another more familiar [...]m—that of presenting a view [...] we eventually intend to [...]e as incoherent in such a way [...]t is to all appearances at least [...]nt enough to be worth critical [...]y. R. S. Woolhouse is ex[...] conscious of these difficulties, [...]is lucid and subtle account of [...]'s views is a model of how to [...]being ensnared by them. For [...]oolhouse's case is that Locke believed that the natural laws which science tried to uncover were "unknowable instructive certainties"—that is, they were necessary truths which were none the less synthetic and not to be known a priori.

Philosophers whose introduction to logical theory was provided by P. F. Strawson's work of that title have for two decades accepted that the necessary, the analytic and the a priori were coextensive, and therefore that the contingent, the synthetic and the a posteriori were likewise coextensive. Dr. Woolhouse does not, in the last resort, want to disagree; but what he does want to do is show that Locke's account of the object of natural science is incompatible with that assumption, and how Locke's defence of his account is by no means to be dismissed out of hand:

> My description of [Locke's] Rationalism, then, is, in the end, self-contradictory. But in admitting this, I want to stress, first, that it does need to be argued that it is; and, secondly, that its being so is an inadequacy, not of my account of what someone else [i.e. Locke] believed, but rather of those beliefs themselves.

The journey between the statement of the case and its resolution covers some fairly familiar ground, but usually with some new insights which are worth having in themselves as well as for their contribution to this argument. Since Locke's account of "trifling" propositions is offered in terms of the "containment" of one concept by another, Dr Woolhouse spends some time in sorting out a number of confusions clustered about "containment". Locke's running together of the relation between the determinable and the determinate (e.g. between *colour* and *red*) with that between the genus and the species (e.g. between *animal* and *man*) is neatly shown up, as is his further tendency to confound confusion by assimilating these distinctions to that between simple and complex ideas.

The most important part of the case, so far as getting Locke clear is concerned, is that devoted to the relationships between substance, modes and "real essences". Since Locke claims that the cause of our ignorance of natural necessities is that they have to do with substances rather than with mixed modes (mathematical knowledge being concerned with the latter), these distinctions are central. In Dr Woolhouse's view, "substance" plays two parts in Locke's theory of knowledge, and the use of the same term in both contexts is one of the causes of the great diversity of interpretation to which Locke has been subjected. On the one hand, it is part of the elucidation of the difference between identifiable and reidentifiable entities which are "self-subsistent" and entities such as properties which are not; and on the other hand, it is part of the explanation of how little we know of the corpuscular real essence which is the true explanation of why substances are as they are. "Substance" in the sense of "that in which properties inhere" is not the same thing as real essence. Locke's analysis of substance in this first sense is shown to be defective; his account of how mathematics is concerned with modes is not so much shown to be defective (though much else in Locke's discussion of modes is) as given up in bafflement.

The final chapter dismisses the possibility of "synthetic necessities" and "a priori unknowable necessities", by reference to the recent rationalist accounts of natural law offered by A. C. Ewing and William Kneale. The supposed synthetic necessity chosen as a paradigm case is "nothing can be red and green all over"; but, in the end, Dr Woolhouse concludes that it is not "about the world" in any sense in which this contrasts interestingly with its being "about language". The rationalist's belief in laws of nature which are necessary truths, though not possibly known to be such, is dismantled by some careful work on the different ways in which we might be said not fully to understand a proposition, and thus not to know what its modality was—with the inevitable consequence that Professor Kneale's view is rejected because it seems to require that our language contains words which we cannot in principle come to understand. Of course, there are other ways in which one might argue that "laws of nature" are necessary truths, or at least that some acquire this status. But all such arguments either accept that at this point they become definitional truths or at any rate make it clear that this is their *known* status, and are therefore not Dr Woolhouse's concern.

It is possible that a finally satisfying explanation of what Locke thought he was showing would demand the historical evidence which could do justice to seventeenth-century confusions about the possible role of God as the author of nature in a supposedly analogous position to man as the author of geometry. But any such attempted explanation will certainly find coherence as difficult to achieve as Dr Woolhouse has suggested here. Not everything Dr Woolhouse says is persuasive, not everything is crystal clear: but his achievement in making sense of so much of so unlucid a thinker as Locke is an admirable one.

[...]entham bros.

[...]. CHRISTIE (Editor):
[...] Correspondence of Jeremy [...]ham
[...]me 3. January 1781 to October [...]
[...]. The Athlone Press. £10.

[...]lendid edition of the Collected [...]s of Jeremy Bentham proceeds [...] with the appearance of the [...]volume of correspondence. The [...]two volumes (reviewed in the [...] January 23, 1969) contained [...]ters, the majority of them writ[...] Bentham, and only a few of [...] published before. Volume 3 [...] 244 letters, of which a little [...] than half are from Bentham, [...]about three-quarters not pub[...] before.

[...] letters from Jeremy's brother [...]el in Russia continue, but the [...]side of this correspondence is [...], with a couple of exceptions, [...] beginning of the year 1781. [...] is consequently the central [...] in the first part of the volume. [...] Jeremy's own visit to Russia [...]es the latter part, the book [...] with the news that Samuel has [...]promoted to the rank of full [...] for his contribution to a Rus[...]val victory over the Turks. [...]active portrait of Samuel in [...]form of a Russian army offi[...]propriately forms the frontis[...]

[...] letter from Jeremy to Samuel [...] does survive concerns the [...] brother's love affair with a [...] countess. It came to nothing [...] of opposition from the lady's [...], but for a time it seemed [...] lead to marriage. As in the [...]correspondence, Jeremy Bent[...] at his liveliest in writing to [...] and here he contemplates [...]and bye being an Uncle, [...]od's blessing, and having [...] of mongrel animals half [...] and half bears for nephews [...]ces!" As yet he does not [...]ho the lady is, but he hopes [...]iled, not that this is anything [...]uel, but in order to spite their [...]ther, who has shown some [...]alousy of Samuel's other suc[...] and whom Jeremy here calls [...]: "If it should be a Princess, [...]ure poor dear Jezebel will [...]er heart; there would be no [...]n for a Jehu to throw her out [...] window."

[...] Bentham spent two months [...]ood, the country house of [...]helburne. Many years later [...]ribed them as among the hap[...]ys of his life. His letters to [...] Wilson record his impres[...] of the company, which are [...]sprightly, often inconsequen[...] I write you every thing [...]piggledy just as it happens [...] in my head."

[...]am's visit to Russia a few [...]er is of course more memorable still. He left England in August, 1785, and reached his destination in February, 1786, after an exciting journey that took him into France, Italy, Turkey, Bulgaria, Walachia, Moldavia, and Poland. He thought the banks of the Seine superior to anything he had seen in England: "If the French could do ... as much for themselves, as Nature has done for them, nobody who could come here would stay in England." At Leghorn his leather trunk was accidentally dropped into the sea but fortunately came to the surface again of its own accord, like a drowning man, and was rescued. He gives a vivid picture of the discomforts of travelling in a Turkish caique from Smyrna to Constantinople. In Bulgaria he was persuaded by a young man, against his own better judgment, to ascend the minaret of a mosque and he received a drubbing for his pains. His return journey, through Poland and Germany, was brisker. For part of it he kept a diary, with a lively account of inns, customs officers, and the hazards of being carried away by runaway horses.

Bentham spent almost two years in Russia. During that time he wrote the *Defence of Usury*, the *Rationale of Reward*, and an account of the Panopticon or Inspection-House. The idea of the Inspection-House came from Samuel; Jeremy saw its possible applications, especially for a prison. Several of the letters describe another of Samuel's inventions, the Vermicular Barge. Meanwhile the printed copies of the *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation* were lying unpublished in London, and George Wilson wrote to say that Paley's *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* was likely to steal the thunder of Bentham's utilitarian theories, especially on punishment, "which I always thought the most important of your discoveries". Wilson's shrewdness is shown again in another letter in which he says: "But your history, since I have known you, has been to be always running from a good scheme to a better. In the meantime, life passes away and nothing is completed."

Professor Christie's editorial work, both on the text and in the explanatory notes, is superb. The precise forms used in the manuscripts and the details of revision are recorded as faithfully as any reader could wish, without sacrifice of clarity. The notes reflect masterly historical knowledge and good sense in limiting its display. A word of praise is due also for the excellence of the printing in what is often a complex text. Even allowing for inflation, the price seems high when compared with that of earlier volumes of the edition, but the printing of this one will no doubt have been a trickier task.

Questions of identity

RICHARD SCHACHT:
Alienation
286pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.50.

The concept of alienation has featured so often and so widely in the less articulate forms of contemporary dissent that an impressive number of supporters could be assembled for any proposal to ban its use and to erase it from the political lexicon. Richard Schacht's painstaking examination of alienation's multifarious uses in the works of Hegel, Marx, Fromm, Horney, Sartre, Heidegger, Tillich and a few lesser figures voices many of their complaints. He says with a good deal of justice that many of the particular grievances which Hegel, Marx and so on set out to voice can be more lucidly and more accurately described in other terms than those of alienation; he adds, and again with a good deal of justice, that the ills which have been complained of are by no means identical, and that the remedies proposed are often unclear, though certainly at odds with each other.

In the light of his scepticism about the usefulness of the idea of alienation, Professor Schacht sets out to analyse the particular complaints of particular writers; and even his own "general consideration" aims at listing these disparate complaints, not at identifying some common core. Particular writers fare as we might expect—Hegel is treated with the caution due to one who is certainly dark and may be deep; Marx emerges as a good deal more coherent than his disciple Fromm, who gets low marks both in the text and in Walter Kaufmann's preface for his generalized dislike of the modern world; assorted sociologists are mentioned in the tone of voice which suggests that we cannot stop them writing about alienation, but the best that can be said is that it is a harmless occupation.

The trouble with this approach is that it is extremely boring and profoundly unilluminating. The war of attrition is not a philosophical strategy, and lining up a string of writers to complain that they say different things about the human condition is not even a successful war of attrition. There are hints of better things: for instance, an argument lurks in the background to the effect that all concepts of alienation are inevitably empty because all concepts of alienation appeal to an image of an essential human nature which is empirically vacuous. And arguments of this kind may well have lain behind Marx's eventual scepticism about alienation viewed as a philosophical category—though it is to be hoped that Professor Schacht is by now embarrassed by the confidence with which he asserts that the concept of alienation disappears from Marx's "mature" works.

Although the author sometimes complains that the bare idea of "separation" is the only common meaning he can find in all the various uses of alienation, he is surely much too timid about trying to elucidate at any rate the common tradition of discourse within which the concept is most at home. It is, for instance, no cause for surprise that the English utilitarians, whether or not they supported radical changes of the status quo, simply had no room for the notion of alienation in their political vocabulary. And this was not because they saw the phenomena of alienation and did not care about them; nor was it because they had more sense than to call hunger, poverty and misery by the name "alienation". Rather, it was that they never saw there might be a problem for individuals and societies in arriving at acceptable accounts of the "self" which was for them the locus of pleasure and pain. But from Rousseau onwards, the tradition which talks of alienation has regarded the question "Who am I?" as the central problem. Professor Schacht's complaints thus lose much of their force, for he is looking for similarities where there is no prior reason to expect them.

Of course, sociologists will analyse alienation in terms of an individual's detaching himself—or finding himself detached—from acceptable social roles; since sociologists are concerned with the ways in which societies offer us—or force upon us—answers to questions of identity, this is precisely what they are in business to discuss. Similarly, we can say much the same thing about philosophers who tackle the ontological aspects of the question: whether Sartre, who asserts the absence of any answer on this level, or Hegel, who tries to put some history into what is otherwise Spinoza's answer.

That the concept of alienation is both a recent and a fashionable one is no cause for surprise. The fact that traditional answers to questions of identity are in a state of disarray is not itself a peculiarly modern phenomenon; nor is the fact that social roles are held at a distance from the self. What is peculiar to social theory in the two centuries since Rousseau is its growing obsession with these phenomena, and therefore its evolution of a vocabulary to express that obsession. Professor Schacht is no doubt right in saying that "alienation" has been grossly overworked; he is no doubt right that its empirical referent has often been needlessly obscure. But this we knew. The point surely is not to document this state of affairs and complain how dreadful it is, but to try to bring some sense and light into it.

SUNDAY MIRROR
NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART 1971
The Mall Galleries
The Mall, London, S.W.1. (Adjacent to Admiralty Arch)
25th September-27th October
Monday-Saturdays 10 a.m.-7 p.m.
Sundays 11 a.m.-6 p.m.
Adults 10p Children (under 16) 5p
SCHOOL PARTIES FREE

Listable buildings of Northern Ireland

Among all the present unhappiness of Northern Ireland, the enthusiasm, energy and courage which go into the work of the Ulster Architectural Heritage Society are a remarkable earnest that civilized ideals may eventually prevail. Even by Irish standards the history of Ulster has been stormy—often brutally so—and consequently it has nothing like the wealth of historic buildings of all periods which, against so many odds, other European countries contrive to retain. Almost no buildings in Ulster are more than 300 years old: but from the past three (comparatively settled) centuries there is much.

What there is is first of all Ulster Georgian—a very large number of urbane eighteenth and nineteenth-century churches, courthouses, town halls, and private houses of all sizes, the majority of which stand in the small country towns which have dotted the province ever since plantation times. These towns were for the most part exceptionally thoughtfully and ingeniously planned, and their varied townscape is a constant delight for the traveller in Northern Ireland. Yet no one seems to have taken public notice of these fine places before 1951 when Gilbert Camblin published his admirable pilot survey, *The Town in Ulster*, which fell on such deaf ears that it was quickly remaindered.

A few eighteenth-century architects who lived and practised in the north of Ireland have become moderately well known, notably Thomas Cooley and Francis Johnston. But of course most of the buildings remain anonymous and are indeed valuable largely because they belong to a distinctive local vernacular tradition. In the nineteenth century, while buildings by English and Scottish architects appear here and there, Ulster was still in no way an architectural province of England or even of the more established south. Its architecture is in consequence little known beyond its own borders, and as little valued inside Ulster or out. Even in Belfast, though Charles Lanyon has come to be talked about lately, such fascinating and colourful architects as Thomas Jackson and John MacHenry are virtually unknown; elsewhere they have never been heard of.

The task that the Ulster Architectural Heritage Society set itself in 1968 was, therefore, first of all one of discovery and record. In Northern Ireland there is still virtually no protective legislation by which old buildings can be safeguarded (even of the yet inadequate kind that obtains elsewhere in the United Kingdom), nor has the Government attempted any official listing whatever. The lists of buildings of architectural and historic interest which have been built up in England and Wales by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government (and are now the responsibility of the Department of the Environment) are extremely variable in comprehensiveness and accuracy; but they are a beginning on which something better can be built, and they have statutory force. Nothing like this exists in Northern Ireland, and so an urgent task—and one which has been the major activity of the UAHS so far—was the preparation of comparable lists, which might eventually become the basis of official ones and afford some protection for the buildings included. So far, fourteen lists have been produced in about three years, chiefly by C. E. B. Brett, the chairman of the society, Lady Dunleath, R. W. Oram, and A. J. Rowan—a remarkable achievement by busy people not all of whom even live in Ireland, and without public financial backing, though some lists were produced in association with public bodies. (One was commissioned by the Craigavon Development Commission, the only instance so far of an active initiation from outside the Society. Another, on the town of Monaghan, is the first to deal with an area outside Northern Ireland, though of course within the ancient province of Ulster: it was a joint venture by the society and An Taisce, the Irish National Trust, though once again it was Mr Brett who did the work.)

The lists are arranged somewhat like the Ministry lists in England. The descriptions are, however, livelier and more interesting, and often much more perceptive in analysis and judgment. The influence of Sir Nikolaus Pevsner is plain, and similar research has gone into these Irish booklets as into the *Buildings of England*—again something to which the British Ministry lists can lay little claim. The Ulster lists are illustrated by somewhat muddily printed photographs of varying quality (not always clearly linked to the letterpress), sometimes by old prints, and always by maps, though a grim attempt to mark the locations of listed buildings was quickly abandoned, and the best we are given are (for the rural areas) Ordnance Survey references; in the towns one picks one's way as best one can, and the way is sometimes hard to follow. It would greatly add to the usefulness, especially of the longer lists, if a key or index to their use could be provided, and if the order of entries could be regularized. All the lists show some perky humour and a delight in oddities as well as in the sober assessment of major buildings. They will surely become essential vade-mecums for the architecturally minded traveller in Ulster.

The biggest single effort so far has gone into the list—a long one, with 166 detailed entries and some environmental studies—for the city of Derry: it includes a lengthy historical introduction and a list of architects who have worked in the city. Equally impressive, and perhaps more attractive as a book, is the list on Portaferry and Strangford, which includes a series of proposals for the future development of the beautiful and rarely visited area around Strangford Lough. In this aspect it was a forerunner of the most recently published list, which opens a new and important approach: this deals with part of the Upper Markets area of Belfast, which until very recently has remained a distinct and compact community centred on a large and important church and including the best surviving late Georgian domestic architecture in the city. The booklet combines a building-by-building survey (including outrages and eyesores) with a conservation plan for the whole area, something quite new in Ulster: its most important positive contribution is that the saving of individual buildings [illegible] as an isolated end, but a[illegible] the larger work of strength[illegible] giving new life to a [illegible]munity.

The society has also be[illegible] of monographs on va[illegible] of Ulster architecture (fo[illegible] in preparation), the first be[illegible] McCracken's *The Palm H*[illegible] *Botanic Gardens, Belfast* [illegible] in the *TLS* on September [illegible]

Mr Brett and his s[illegible] colleagues active in th[illegible] serve all possible sup[illegible] privately and officially. [illegible] the Government of No[illegible] land has not recently [illegible] time for conservation: [illegible] cial record all along has [illegible] ably inadequate, and a [illegible] ground has to be made [illegible] servation must be an e[illegible] of whatever Ulster emerg[illegible] current troubles: it would [illegible] of civilized intent if it [illegible] neglected even at such a [illegible] and uncertain moment a[illegible] sent.

Ulster Architectural Heritage Society Lists of Historic Buildings, Groups of Buildings, Areas of Architectural Importance.

A. J. Rowan and C. E. B. Brett: *Queen's University Area of Belfast.* 11pp. 40p

C. E. B. Brett, Lady Dunleath, R. W. Oram, and A. J. Rowan: *Lurgan and Portadown* 10pp. 40p.*

R. Oram: *Moira Rural District.* 12pp. 40p.*

C. E. B. Brett and Lady Dunleath: *Lisburn.* 17pp. 40p.

C. E. B. Brett and Lady Dunleath: *Banbridge.* 18pp. 40p.

G. P. Bell, C. E. B. Brett, and Robert Mathew: *Portaferry and Strangford.* 39pp 60p.

R. Oram: *Craigavon* [illegible] 15pp. 40p.*

D. Girvan, R. Oram, and A[illegible] *Antrim and Ballyme*[illegible]

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W. D. Girvan and A J R[illegible] *Antrim.* 34pp. 60p.

C. E. B. Brett and R. [illegible] *Joy Street and Hamil*[illegible] *trict of Belfast.* 16pp.

R. W. Oram and P. J. R[illegible] *gannon and Cookstow*[illegible]

* Also available in [illegible] volume: *Craigavon.* [illegible]

Pro-prefabrication

BENEDIKT HUBER and JEAN-CLAUDE STEINEGGER (Editors):

Jean Prouvé

Prefabrication: Structures and Elements.

212pp. Pall Mall. £11.

This is a three-language edition, beautifully printed in Switzerland, of a book published in that country earlier this year. The arrangement of the somewhat discursive text in parallel columns of French, German and English does not make it easy to read, but perseverance is worthwhile because this is the only full account of the ideas of a French designer whose achievements are far greater than his fame—whose design philosophy holds in fact more significance for modern architecture than that of anyone who has worked in France except Le Corbusier.

The limitations of the main text, which consists of adaptations of interviews, lectures and the like given by Prouvé at various times and places, are in any case unimportant beside the splendid collection of illustrations the book provides. There is also, at the end, an illustrated biography occupying more than thirty pages and giving a most moving account of the frustrations and disappointments which are perhaps an unavoidable element in the career of a pioneer like Prouvé, and which he endured with courage and answered with persistence.

Prouvé is not an architect so much as a designer and maker of building components, for the most part of steel, and as such one of the creators of everything meant today by the term prefabrication—not merely in the sense of new technical methods but in the sense of a new approach to architecture based on the thesis that full use of the possibilities of industrial production transforms the whole process of the design and the construction of buildings, with wide implications, social, economic and aesthetic.

Prouvé was one of the first to see these implications, but so slow was the world to see them too that much of this book still reads like the propaganda of the 1920s. Many of the designs illustrated are still no more than prototypes, although even those of thirty years ago are more thoroughly coordinated with modern needs and opportunities than many of the designs we take a pride in today. If even some of his early designs were to be put in production now, building would take a big step towards the technological achievements it has been preaching but not practising for so long.

It is shameful that between his remarkable Meudon houses of 1949 and his Minguerin houses (of great technical refinement, using aluminium frames and polyester sandwich panels) of 1969, so much of his energy has had to be expended on overcoming the conservatism of others, which has denied him the essential experience of an innovator: that of seeing his work widely enough used to learn from the defects that only long-term use on a massive scale can reveal.

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Victorian London's developer

HERMIONE HOBHOUSE:

Thomas Cubitt: Master Builder

568pp. Macmillan. £12.60.

We owe the fabric of London, for good and for ill, largely to developers. Whatever one's views on the current set, "developer" is not necessarily a bad word. Leases and rents have been the stuff of Londoners' lives all along: any London history which ignores that is pure romance. Only since the Second World War have historians of its fabric driven this home by showing the romance in pure fact, and to them is now added Hobhouse on Cubitt.

A prehensile jacket blurb claims that this book re-creates Victorian London, which it does not pretend to do. Cubitt created on virgin ground a great deal of Late Georgian and Early Victorian London, but "Victorian London" went on being re-created for almost half a century after his death. Which is not to diminish Cubitt, who was a wholly admirable man needing no extra build-up, or his biographer. The effort of mind applied to digging up and setting out his large and complicated enterprises is wholly admirable too.

True, the reader does boggle occasionally at the intensive financial detail attending every one of these enterprises: "Cubitt had taken the land for the usual 99 years, from Christmas 1825, at progressive rents rising every two years from £256, £500, £650, £800, £1,000, to a total of £1,200, giving a total of £50 an acre." But that is how London went on, and there is no getting round it: prewar tasteful descriptions of Regency façades were not enough, and this is the opposite sweep of the pendulum. The pendulum may return, one hopes, to the perceptive pragmatism, the grasp of social fact *and* art history *and* racy prose, of writers like Sir John Summerson. That is, unless the split between art-architectural historians and social-architectural historians widens like that between Victorian architects and Victorian engineers. (So-called interdisciplinary courses have not yet closed this new breach.) With Cubitt, however, the economic emphasis works, not only because it worked for him but because the architectural forms he used (dispensing with architects, usually, but trained in artisan's draughtsmanship) came out of a well-worn late-Palladian universal language with no surprises. Like the *Survey of London* volumes, this book should be a quarry for those art-historians who are at last becoming more aware of urban history and feel the need to know how leases worked and bricks were made.

All London historians will be grateful for the wealth of solid pieces the book contributes to the unfinished old jigsaw puzzle, even if one cannot quite agree with the odd statement here and there, such as: "As was usual in London houses the original ground level was that of the basement" (the back-garden level was more often the original, halfway between excavated basement and made-up street). As business history the book will be referred to for its explanation of the separating of Thomas Cubitt's speculative operations from his brother William's contracting operations, and of the organizing of Thomas's elaborate riverside Works on the site of Dolphin Square. London historians can now reckon knowledgeably with Thomas's influence on the organization of the London building industry, as with his influence on the shape of London planning through the layout of his building estates.

It is staggering to realize how many of Cubitt's operations were going on more or less at the same time: in the late 1820s he had work proceeding at Highbury, Barnsbury, south-east Islington and Stoke Newington, the Calthorpe Estate off Gray's Inn Road, the Bedford Estate in Bloomsbury, the Grosvenor and Lowndes Estates in Belgravia, the Neathouse Estate in Pimlico, Clapham Park, and Kemp Town, Brighton. As those enterprises, each with its different set of [illegible] have to be described [illegible] synoptic table in the app[illegible] have helped readers [illegible] synchronous pattern of [illegible]

Less excusably lack[illegible] specifying the source [illegible] tration. It is usual, [illegible] ing previously unpubli[illegible] and paintings from su[illegible] as the Royal Archives [illegible] and Grosvenor Estate [illegible] papers of the subject's [illegible] and Crown Copyright [illegible] the Public Record Office [illegible] to specify the source [illegible] to owners, even when [illegible] guess it and others do [illegible] Nevertheless, the illus[illegible] good ones, especially the [illegible] photographs with a cer[illegible] tion in the old royal [illegible] Osborne and Bucking[illegible] where Cubitt was heavily [illegible] contractor from the m[illegible] the early 1850s.

"Our Cubitt" was [illegible] Victorian master builder [illegible] obituary in the Queen's [illegible] biography is not only [illegible] tory, it is the success [illegible] who started work as a c[illegible] Holborn about 1810 and [illegible] country house in 1855 [illegible] lion pounds, every pen[illegible] every sense, construct[illegible] London's history is not [illegible] and bricks, but the sum of [illegible] able biographies, some [illegible] able than others.

Harold Perkin's *The A*[illegible] *Railway* was first publi[illegible] ther Books in a paperb[illegible] which was reviewed in [illegible] March 26: "In [illegible] and clearly argued [illegible] Perkin seeks to give [illegible] central role around [illegible] the expansion of ind[illegible] merce, the growth [illegible] trial conurbations [illegible] changes in social struc[illegible] habits which [illegible] has now been publi[illegible] edition by David and [illegible] £3.25.

The posthumous success of an unsuccessful potter

[illegible]IAM GAUNT and M. D. E. [illegible]AYTON-STAMM:

[illegible]am de Morgan

[illegible]p. Studio Vista. £6.40.

[illegible] the post-1851 and late nine[illegible]th-century design and crafts [illegible] now reconsidered so [illegible]oughly, for the benefit of stu[illegible]s of the period as well as for [illegible]ctors, it is high time to have an [illegible]unt such as this of one of the [illegible] remarkable associates of Wil[illegible] Morris and the Arts and Crafts [illegible]ement.

[illegible]uriously enough, whereas [illegible]n's political and social aspects [illegible] largely submerged for many [illegible] after his death, while his artis[illegible]ork was acknowledged if often [illegible]erpreted, De Morgan the [illegible]r who had failed commercially —until the postwar epoch— [illegible] often forgotten, while his [illegible], all written in the last dozen [illegible] of his life, were at least remem[illegible]. Now the wheel has turned. [illegible] although *Joseph Vance* has its [illegible] among English novels, particu[illegible] those concerned with popular [illegible], it is not easy to realize, only [illegible] sixty years later, how success[illegible] he was as a novelist. Not only [illegible] *Joseph Vance*, accepted by [illegible]emann with a certain sceptic[illegible] about its success, speedily run [illegible]ugh eight editions after publica[illegible] in 1906, but on the title-page of [illegible] A. M. W. Stirling's biography [illegible] her late brother-in-law and his wife, published in 1922, there is an undated quotation from the *TLS*, which runs: "Mr. De Morgan is a national institution; and one would as soon think of criticizing the Bank of England as of criticizing one of his novels." Whether or not there was a certain sting in the comment, it is a testimony to De Morgan's contemporary standing as a novelist.

However, today we are more interested in him as a pottery designer, as the producer of tiles on a substantial scale and of lustre dishes and vases in what he often referred to as the "Persian" style, but which in fact were more Turkish or Isnik in inspiration. De Morgan did as much to rescue pottery design from the commercial clutches of Staffordshire as William Morris did in other fields. Yet the former has had less lasting influence, for the next generation of "artist-potters" were not interested in lustre or De Morgan's all-over style of design; they sought inspiration more from the Far than the Middle East. Yet today there are one or two successful English potters pursuing the difficult craft of lustre pottery.

As the illustrations in this book show, De Morgan's designs displayed considerable variety of style. Apart from his early floral tiles, reflecting his association with Morris, most typical are his grotesque animals and birds, which have a humorous affinity with Edward Lear's drawings; and, the authors tell us, it was De Morgan tiles in Lewis Carroll's Oxford rooms that inspired *The Hunting of the Snark*. Later De Morgan was influenced by Italian Renaissance design.

Indeed he had an inventive, almost restless mind. Born in 1839, the son of the first professor of mathematics at the new University College London, and of a lively-minded mother, he first chose to be a painter, and only later, encouraged by William Morris, turned to stained glass and then to pottery. He was in his thirty-third year before he produced tiles on a commercial scale. Yet he never was an "artist-potter" in the sense accepted today, for he did not shape his pots himself. As the authors say, "his powers of design were graphically rather than plastically directed". Nevertheless he was also scientifically minded, always alive to new ideas for improving the production of his wares. As Reginald Blunt, a later associate, remarked: "Fine artist though he was, he was first and foremost an inventor." For his kiln he designed a revolving grate. He also had the imaginative and successful idea of painting his designs on paper affixed to glass, with the outlines drawn on tracing paper on the reverse side of the glass. After the fully painted paper had been placed on the surface of the tile square and set in the kiln, the paper was reduced to ash, the design remained on the tile. Nor was his inventive mind contained by the problems of pottery. In his last years during the First World War he engaged himself on a counter-U-boat device which he pressed on the Admiralty.

If De Morgan was an inventor he was no businessman, although his firm received important commissions, including tile pictures for the Tsar's Glasgow-built yacht, the Livadia, and for P & O liners—all lost through enemy action in the First World War or destroyed by shipbreakers abroad—and had ready customers to hand. These included well-off late Victorians such as Walter Bagehot and his sister-in-law, Mrs Russell Barrington, as well as those who had newly built houses to decorate, among them Leighton the painter. As an example of De Morgan's unmercenary attitude, the assembling and matching with his own work of the collection of Leighton's oriental tiles put him out of pocket, at his own estimate, to the tune of £500, but he never mentioned this to the prosperous President of the Royal Academy.

Unfortunately, never in his commercial career did he have businesslike associates. After starting in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in 1873, he moved to a site adjoining Morris & Co's premises at Merton Abbey, near Wandsworth, in 1882, and then recrossed the Thames in 1888 when he entered into partnership with Halsey Ricardo, an architect who designed the Sands End Pottery in Fulham. It was here that most of De Morgan's larger commissions were executed and many of his dishes and vases were designed; the design, though not the production, of tiles had dropped off after the initial Chelsea period. But Ricardo had no particular commercial acumen either, and he had his own professional career to pursue.

Perhaps the business would have survived under other commercial direction—Ricardo ceased to be a partner in 1898—if a false medical diagnosis of threatened tuberculosis had not caused De Morgan to winter each year in Italy, where in Florence he and his wife lived from 1892 until several years after the closure of the pottery in 1907. However, as four of his six brothers and sisters had succumbed to tuberculosis, it is not surprising that he took the warning seriously. Yet remote control for half the year, and a partner half engaged in his own calling for the whole year, combined with their lack of business sense, led to a gradual decline and a final closure. Not that this implies an artistic failure, but he might have done better in closer association with Morris & Co, for his work complemented that of the firm, and Morris's habit of coming down to the pottery and removing what he fancied for sale probably helped the uncommercial De Morgan considerably. But he remained independent, though a close friend of one whom he described as "the most wonderful genius I ever knew". De Morgan was one of the hilarious party to make, in the summer of 1880, the celebrated six-day boat trip up the Thames from Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, to Kelmscott Manor, Lechlade.

In providing a new brief life of De Morgan and a survey of his artistic and literary career, the authors have fulfilled a need, although most of it is taken from Mrs Stirling's comprehensive if garrulous and highly personal biography, long out of print. They have, however, added new information here and there. They give the name, omitted by Mrs Stirling, of the young Air Force officer who, after reading *Joseph Vance* in the trenches, came to congratulate the author at the end of 1916, and brought with him the germ of trench fever which in January, 1917, killed De Morgan in Chelsea. It was Maurice Baring.

The most valuable parts of the book are the description of De Morgan's methods of work, the reprinting of the paper on lustre pottery which De Morgan delivered to the Society of Arts in 1892, and the 144 illustrations, of which twenty-four are reproduced in very fair colour. One may only regret the hideously wrong purple endpapers, reproducing a large tile panel. The wealth of illustration is necessary, because although De Morgan's tiles are well known to collectors, the dishes and vases, estimated here as a quarter of his output, are rarer, perhaps because many have been concentrated in rather few hands, the most notable being in Old Battersea House, where Mrs Stirling—who died only six years ago, a week or two short of her hundredth birthday—voraciously accumulated, rather than collected, all examples of her long-since-dead brother-in-law's work that came her way; some of it more interesting and indicative of his lively mind than beautiful. Yet the irony of his achievement is that, had he not been an unsuccessful potter, he might never have been a successful author, and perhaps vice versa.

[illegible]roblems of pottery

[illegible]. B. TURNER:

[illegible]ollector's Guide to Staffordshire [illegible]ry Figures

[illegible]pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £4.50.

[illegible]RNA WEATHERILL:

[illegible] Pottery Trade and North [illegible]ffordshire 1660-1760

[illegible]pp. Manchester University Press.

[illegible]STAV WEISS:

[illegible] Book of Porcelain

[illegible]ated by Janet Seligman.

[illegible]pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £4.50.

[illegible]. B. Turner writes as an enthu[illegible]. He does not claim novelty, [illegible]larship, or even literacy; but in [illegible]easant ambling style in fact [illegible] his chosen ground well, and is [illegible]ingly frank about our con[illegible] ignorance about the products [illegible] the leading potters, Whiel[illegible] the Astburys, and the Woods. [illegible]ook is a useful guide for the [illegible]be collector.

[illegible]rna Weatherill by contrast has [illegible] a declared work of scholar[illegible] a thesis for a degree. Not for [illegible] haunting of antique-shops: she goes to the archives, and delineates with the help of charts, maps, and graphs all aspects of the expansion of the industry during the vital century from 1660 to 1760. Though, strangely enough, she ignores Bishop Pococke, and though her final conclusions do not tell us anything that is startlingly new, her methodical and exemplary investigations do correct the record here and there, and surely spell out the story with some finality.

Gustav Weiss is a former director of the ceramics department of the School for Industrial Design in Halle. His book is as wide in scope as its title suggests, and challenges other great German works of the past; Hofmann's *Das Porzellan*, the evergreen Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and Schmidt's *Porcelain as an Art and Mirror of Fashion*. Like Hofmann and Schmidt, Mr Weiss takes an introductory look at Oriental porcelain, but he has more to say about it than they do, and unlike them he brings the story of porcelain up to date.

He warns us in his foreword that "when surveyed in broad outline the subject appears to be perfectly straightforward, but proves on closer scrutiny to be uncharted country through which there are few reliable guides". He does well to warn us. His book consists both of narrative and of reference material, the latter in the forms of tabular matter interspersed into the narrative, and of appendixes at the end of it. The narrative is as comprehensive as could be wished, dealing with matters historical, artistic, social and technological. Some of what he tells will be unfamiliar to many English readers, as for example the newly ascertained truth about Augustus the Strong's famous "Dragoon Vases", about von Richtofen's account of his visits to Ching-té-chên in 1869, and about how the Chinese used carbonide in the making of egg-shell porcelain.

But panoptic surveys like this must deal largely in generalizations and simplifications, and the English student will test these against what he knows himself. Thus, to take a random sample, Weiss writes of Rococo flower painting:

Flowers were drawn in masterly fashion at Berlin by Johann Baptist Pfürzel and Johann Friedrich Raschke. The Berlin flower-painting was supreme, superior to that of Copenhagen and Meissen. In England, the famous and highly-esteemed flower-painter William Billingsley was working at Derby from 1775 to 1796. He preferred white flowers and painted them very truly from nature by wiping out the highlights with a dry brush.

This is true, no doubt, so far as it goes, and it goes no farther. But it is to be observed that Mr Weiss describes these men as Rococo painters, whereas we should normally call Billingsley's style Louis Seize. In fact he has to hang hard on to the well-tried guidelines of Baroque, Rococo, Louis Seize, etc, and it is a little disconcerting to find that these terms do not always mean the same to him as they do to us.

The "broad outline" then is indeed broad, and at the same time detailed, incorporating the results of much recent German research. The reference material tries to fill in the details of the map. Something of its comprehensiveness may be judged from an enumeration of some of the graphic charts or illustrated lists in the main body of the book. These include, besides such things as Chinese reign-marks, and a table of dates of modellers and sculptors (which we should have expected), an illustrated alphabetical table of the symbolism in the decoration of Chinese porcelain; a chart showing the course of Böttger's arcanum (i.e. a graphic demonstration of the career of J. J. Ringler; it is very complex and looks like a battered umbrella upside down and inside out); characteristic shapes of vessels from before 1740 to after 1800, and of the Art Nouveau and Neue Sachlichkeit styles (six series); and drawings of developments in production techniques, machines, mills and kilns. The appendixes at the end include an alphabetical survey of porcelain-producing countries, from the United States to Yugoslavia (an odd compilation, where Wales somehow gets as much space as China and Germany put together), and another on factories and their marks (which happily restores the balance, and where the other Derby flower-painters get their mention). The encyclopedic information given is based on a bibliography which extends up to about 1963. The illustrations are good, if sometimes familiar.

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Published by JOHN BAKER 5 Royal Opera Arcade Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Following principles

SHIRLEY STRUM KENNY (Editor): The Plays of Richard Steele
443pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.

SIR RICHARD STEELE cannot be claimed to be one of England's greatest dramatists, but throughout a century his influence was widespread, and even today many of his scenes still retain an attractively appealing force. Professor Kenny, therefore, is fully justified in believing that there is room for a volume which "tries to make all Steele's plays readily and reliably available to modern readers in an old-spelling text". It hardly needs to be added that her work has been regulated by "modern bibliographical principles".

Modern bibliography has wrought wonders in opening the doors of early printing-houses. It has revealed numerous secrets the presence of which was not even suspected in the past and, perhaps still more important, it has constantly insisted upon the necessity of penetrating inquiry and of meticulous care in handling discovered facts. Nevertheless, the present volume, when considered with a number of other recently published editions of early authors, may raise a doubt whether we have yet attained a complete adjustment between bibliographical study and editorial procedure, between expert technology and scientific practice.

It would be absurd to suggest that any editor can afford to remain ignorant of the methods employed by early printers or to neglect a painstaking examination of the relevant original texts. It would be equally absurd to deny that the findings of the bibliographers can, on occasion, settle problems which have long remained vexed. An excellent example of this is presented here. In *The Spectator* Steele freely acknowledged that he had had Joseph Addison's assistance in writing *The Tender Husband*, and several critics have applied themselves to a kind of guessing-game to determine precisely what were the contributions made by Steele's friend. After surveying all these, Professor Kenny is able to point out that the bibliographical evidence, rather surprisingly, supports the thesis put forward by Carl Hartmann in a long-forgotten German dissertation of 1880, *Steele als Dramatiker*. Despite all this, however, may we not inquire tentatively whether excessive reverence for "modern bibliographical principles" may not sometimes lead editors astray?

Any edition of an early author—unless it is simply a facsimile or a variorum volume—ought to aim at doing two things: it should seek to present a text which can be read with reasonable ease (and consequently with appreciation and enjoyment) and it should present its material in such a way as to enable a student to reconstruct the original reading or readings of any passage which has been emended. If this is accepted it follows that, while every editor must steep himself in knowledge of the "modern bibliographical principles", each should feel free to plan his work in accordance with the literary compositions which concern him.

From an examination of the present edition of Steele several questions arise. First, Professor Kenny has been able to determine that, with one exception (the presence of a few alterations in the second printing of *The Funeral*), the author had nothing whatsoever to do with any save the first issues of his plays. What purpose, then, can be served by making a sharp distinction between the reprinting of those comedies issued before his death and those published after, by painstakingly (and uselessly) listing variants from the former group in the section entitled "Historical Collation" while totally disregarding the other? Surely, if Steele paid no attention to his dramatic essays after they were first put into print, no edition prepared before his demise in 1729—with the solitary exception referred to above—can have any greater value than one published later?

This question is connected with another, relating to the arrangement of the textual apparatus. If a reader wishes to reconstruct the original text of any piece of dialogue which has been editorially altered he is compelled to consult three different sections of the volume—the "Emendations of Accidentals", the "Historical Collation", and relevant footnotes; and even after consulting all these the reader may find himself without the information he seeks. A single example will suffice. The greater part of Steele's dialogue is in prose, but occasionally in emotional scenes he intersperses this prose with short passages of verse—not necessarily blank verse of the decasyllabic kind, but at least sentences rhythmically planned. In general Professor Kenny reproduces the dialogue as she finds it in her copy-text, but in one instance in the fifth act of *The Lying Lover* she encounters a speech which is printed in verse but in which she decides that "the reader would be hard put to find any metre"—and accordingly she rearranges it as prose:

> Oh best of Fathers! Let me not see your Tears, don't double my Afflictions by your Woe There's Consolation when a Friend laments us, but When a Parent grieves, the Anguish is too native, Too much our own to be called Pity.

Let us suppose that there is some reader who, wondering whether she is justified in her re-setting of the speech, wishes to see how precisely it was printed in the first edition. He turns to the "Emendations of Accidentals", and there he finds himself baffled, since no more is offered save a cursory "154-7 Oh . . . Pity.] ed.; [set as verse]"—exactly how set not being explained. To discover the form in which the lines appeared in 1704, he is forced to consult a copy of the first edition. With this before him he may possibly come to the conclusion that the arrangement of the lines as given there follows the author's intention: in this scene, the erring young hero is brought on stage by a Gaoler and, addressed lovingly and tremulously by his aged father, he is made to cry out in what might be described as ejaculatory semi-rhythmic speech:

> Oh best of Fathers!
> Let me not see your Tears, don't
> double my Afflictions by your
> Woe—
> There's Consolation when a Friend
> laments us, but
> When a Parent grieves, the Anguish is
> too native.
> Too much our own to be called Pity.

If this is regarded as a correct reading, we must decide that the editor has been led astray by a too rigid subjection to "bibliographical principles": the manner in which the line was set out in the first edition has a real significance, appreciation of which is ill served by having reference to the original text tucked away among "accidentals" and, even there, receiving no more of a gloss than "set as verse".

In this instance we may think that the editor has made an erroneous emendation, but that is an exception. The general question is whether, in striving to follow the "principles", she has not provided us with a text which is likely to interfere with a reader's understanding and enjoyment. In her introduction, Professor Kenny herself confesses that she had found many of Steele's sentences, as printed in her copy-texts, "unwieldy, sometimes almost incomprehensible"; and she hesitatingly admits that she was sometimes tempted to introduce changes. No doubt many readers of such a text as that of *The Funeral*, evidently based on very carelessly prepared copy, will wish that she had had the courage to defy the authorities and succumb to the temptation. Can we really believe that there is any virtue in leaving so many commas disturbingly at the ends of sentences instead of altering them into periods, or in not inserting medial commas when these are clearly demanded, or for leaving intact such phrases as "Besure assoone", or for slavishly reproducing certain spellings which must be regarded as erroneous?

These questions lead to another: whether so much time and labour devoted to bibliographical niceties may not induce an editor to give too little attention to the reading quality of the text and to a consideration of what the explanatory commentary ought or ought not to include. In this edition the notes often seem to reflect a tendency to jump to conclusions, to remain oblivious of inconsistencies, to introduce some easily found and even palpably obvious material and, paradoxically, at the same time to omit explanations where annotation seems necessary. Thus, for example, a few character-names are provided with laconic elucidations; *Puzzle*, we are solemnly informed, means "confound (*OED*)", and *Storm* signifies "to attack or assault (*OED*)". Since Puzzle is a lawyer who juggles with legal terms, and since Storm is a highwayman, we hardly need to be told why Steele named them in this manner. On the other hand, there are several characters in these plays with names slightly more obscure, such as Pounce, which find no place in the annotations. Throughout, numerous interpretations give the impression of having been snatched too hurriedly from the d[…] Does Steele truly employ the […] "absurd" in the opening [… of] *The Funeral* with the mea[ning] "illogical"? When the W[…] the same play, angrily […] supposed Page, cries out: "[…] the Rogue in a Frock, to lear[n …] among the dirty Boys that [… do] good ——", is it either app[ropriate] or helpful to be confronted [… by a note] explaining that "at this […] frock" was a loose coat [worn by] men of the working class [to keep] their clothes clean"? Or is it [pos]sible that Steele may have [been] thinking of charity-school [… ?] On the word "Gentile" the […] note pointing out that this [… was an] accepted spelling of "[genteel] (*OED*)", but apparently [no corre]sponding comments are g[iven on] other now obsolete spellings [… such as] "course" for "coarse". As […] are other words—"Hormony" [for] instance, and "lived" or "[…]" which never were at a[ny time] accepted spellings and which [no] doubt should have been a[ltered to] what the author obviously [meant:] "Harmony" and "livid".

These comments on *The [Plays of] Richard Steele* are by n[o means] intended to suggest that P[rofessor] Kenny's edition is g[enerally] faulty, that she has carrie[d out her] duties carelessly, or that in [… of] her comments she does n[ot show] independent judgment. The [oppo]site is true. Certainly […] several unfortunate typ[ographical] errors here, extending fr[om …] shattered print which […] destroys one passage on […] possible act "VI" and a[n] impossible "première" [for "pre]mière". These errors […] might have been overlooked [… had they] not appeared in a volume [the value] of which must inevitably [depend] largely upon its accuracy. [The introduc]tion of Professor Kenny […] general shows that she h[as made a] close study of her original[s, and] many of her comments [… on the] comedies—especially those [concern]ing their influence upon [the] stage—are of sufficient [interest to] make us wish she had [had the] opportunity of extending [them].

The reviewer's uneas[iness …] traced back to one source [… may] be demonstrated in a [… illustra]tive example. *The Cons[cious Lovers*,] because its sentimental [… deli]cately harmonized with the […] spirit of the age, proved [an imme]diate success when it was [produced] at Drury Lane on Novem[ber …,] when "a greater Con[course of] People was never kno[wn to be] assembled".

Hurriedly, the printer Jacob Tonson rushed [it] through his presses so th[at …] copies available just [… days] later, but the public's an[xiety …] the text was so great tha[t he was] forced to keep those pre[sses] turning out not merely a se[cond but] also a third edition, al[though little] or no attempt was ma[de to draw] attention to this fact [on the title-]pages. "There was no w[ay," …] remarks Professor Kenn[y, "for pur]chasers to differentiate [… the] earliest copies marketed [… from those] printed to bolster the […] stock." At that sentence [one must] certainly pause, for it seems […] that the later purchasers [were] fobbed off with mere repr[ints when] they fondly believed they [were buy]ing precious copies of a fir[st edition.] We may be reasonably su[re that no] such thought could ever ha[ve entered] into the mind of any […] early-eighteenth-century buyers; we may feel equally [sure] that the remark could hav[e been] phrased only by a writer who had become dominated by [the idea] of the rare virtues of first [editions and] the like.

"Modern bibliographical [princi]ples" are genuinely […] often exciting, yet […] basic question whether [… may] not come for a re[…] principles so as to […] flexible, more con[…] thought of readers […] adaptable as guide[s …] older literary works […] Bibliography is […] excellent "fashion[…] editor's worthy […] not be transferred […] Dame! Sap[…]

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[A]viation

[JACK]SON, ROBERT. *The Dragonflies.* [...]pp. Arthur Barker. £2.35.

[Heli]copters are Mr Jackson's subject [... h]ow they began in theory and ex[per]iment, advanced to development [an]d came to be used for commercial [and] military purposes. His survey [is] thorough and has been carefully [re]searched in both origins and [sub]sequent application. He includes, [bes]ides the familiar rotor craft, the [oth]er ideas using tilting wings and [...]crews. He also glances at direct [...]st aircraft and mentions a pro[pos]al for a machine lifted and pro[pell]ed by rocket power set forth by [Ki]balchich, who was hanged for [rev]olutionary activity in Russia in [...]1. His final chapter gives in the [be]st possible and yet clearest [on]ly an account of how a heli[cop]ter works.

[...]S, DAVID. *The Time Shrinkers.* [...]pp. David Rendel. £2.50.

[...] Jones had his interest aroused in [the] development of the commercial [air] services in Africa when he pre[par]ed a documentary programme for [the] BBC. He has now amplified the [ma]terial he then gathered and [br]ought together a comprehensive [ac]count of how serious flying was [be]gun in the continent, how the [rec]ord breakers showed possibilities [fo]r the future and how regular routes [we]re at last established. His account [ass]embles in convenient compass this [so]mewhat diffuse piece of transport [hi]story and records the difficulties [tha]t had to be overcome not only in [res]pect of climate and terrain but in [the] way of scepticism. Surveying [po]ssible landing places was an heroic [tas]k for some of the British officers, [wh]o made long journeys by camel [an]d bullock transport where no good [ro]ads existed. Preparing these fields [wit]h African labour was an arduous [bus]iness; and so was the using of [the]m when the early aeroplanes [ma]de their appearance. One crew, [del]ayed by a boggy surface at Ndola, [ha]d to engage 100 Africans to march [up] and down the strip they intended [to us]e before they could take off.

[F]inance

[...]E, ROBERT (Editor). *Problems of Investment.* 110pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £1.75.

[Th]e economic policy seminar at the [Lon]don) City University's Graduate Business Centre in 1970 produced excellent papers by Sir Hugh Weeks on the economic background to investment, W. A. Eltis of Oxford on its taxation aspects, Professor G. H. Lawson of the Manchester Business School on accounting for financial management, T. M. Rybczynski (Lazards and Visiting Professor at the University of Surrey) on cost and sources of capital, and the editor who is also Visiting Professor at the City University's Graduate Business Centre on technical progress and investment. A first-class, cheap, expository and authoritative analysis.

History

BETTENSON, E. M. *The University of Newcastle upon Tyne.* A Historical Introduction 1834-1971. 108pp. University of Newcastle upon Tyne. £1.

This history of the University of Newcastle, by its present Registrar, marks the centenary of the foundation of its College of Physical Science, but the record is carried back some decades farther to begin with the establishment of the College of Medicine in 1834. It is a straightforward account of administration, reform and growth in a university which, the author says in conclusion, this year has more than 6,000 students and over fifty departments, "each one more liberally supported than the whole of the College of Physical Science in 1871".

MARSH, JOHN. *Clip a Bright Guinea* 192pp. Hale. £2.

The episode in Yorkshire history that Mr Marsh narrates concerns a gang of coiners and money clippers who, 200 years ago, pursued their shady activities in remote farmhouses on the moors around Halifax. When the exertions of an excise officer, William Deighton, threatened them with exposure, Deighton was shot and killed outside his house in 1769, and the neighbourhood thus roused out of its frightened acquiescence. Stimulated by the efforts of the Marquis of Rockingham and others, the government acted; arrests and hangings put an end to "King" David Hartley and his gang. Mr Marsh's researches, both on the ground and among the records, have provided him with a story of crime and detection which is spiritedly told, and illustrated by photographs of some of the scenes where the drama was played out.

POUND, JOHN. *Poverty and Vagrancy in Tudor England.* 120pp. Longman. Paperback, 65p.

Mr Pound examines in turn the causes of the widespread poverty in Tudor times, the actual extent of it, and the measures taken both nationally and locally to deal with it. The workless vagrant was feared and the laws against him were severe but, Mr Pound concludes, he was seldom a serious menace except in times of rebellion or acute famine; normally, both poverty and vagrancy were fairly well contained. In keeping with the general design of the "Seminar Series", a selection of relevant contemporary documents follows the main text, together with a substantial reading list.

Poetry

BARNSTONE, WILLIS (Editor). *Spanish Poetry.* From its Beginnings through the Nineteenth Century. 526pp. Oxford University Press. £6.50.

This large-scale anthology will be a valuable reference book for small libraries, though its cost unfortunately places it beyond the range of most students. Professor Barnstone's introduction and notes are thorough, if a little conventional, but the contents hardly bear out his claim to have provided "fresh material for a critical revaluation of the lyric poem in Spain". The medieval section is unusually full and well annotated, though one misses the presence of Mena among the fifteenth-century poets. Other omissions include Garci Sánchez de Badajoz, Aldana, the Argensolas and Jovellanos. Not all of these can be explained by the editor's wish to give most space to major poets, as the generous selections from Iriarte and Samaniego testify. However, the inclusion of so many longer poems is very welcome, and the long section on prosody will be especially useful. The volume also contains an extensive and reasonably up-to-date bibliography, covering both books and articles in periodicals.

Psychology

SUPER, DONALD F. and BOHN, MARTIN J. JR. *Occupational Psychology.* 209pp. Tavistock. £1.75.

A clear and sensible account of what is nowadays called occupational psychology, i.e., the study of individuals with special reference to their jobs. It covers four main topics: individual differences and their measurement; occupational aptitude and personality pattern; the study of careers; and personnel selection and vocational guidance. While the treatment is essentially orthodox, the authors show themselves more aware of the limitations of their subject than is perhaps usual; for example, the issue of privacy and its invasion in relation to psychological testing is considered. It is a pity, perhaps, that wider social factors are so little discussed and that there is virtually no reference to occupational issues in countries other than the United States. None the less, the book should be useful to students and others looking for a short and straightforward account of what occupational psychologists do, and why.

Social History

BROWN, ANTONY. *Red for Remembrance.* The British Legion: 1921-1971. 146pp. Heinemann. £2.25.

"The nation remembers one day in November. The Legion remembers all the year round." The author, who is best known as a broadcaster, heard this remark in a British Legion club. His book expands it. He brings to life the many activities of the British Legion. He looks at its past and its present and in its jubilee year he considers its future. The subject is altogether impressive. The book is capably done.

Social Studies

KIELL, NORMAN. *The Universal Experience of Adolescence.* 942pp. University of London Press. £6.25.

This very large compilation is about what the author calls the "universal experience" of growing up, which he clearly believes to vary little in its nature from one epoch (or culture) to another. His method is to assemble some 300 autobiographical extracts chosen to illustrate the main facets of this "experience", intellectual, emotional, religious and—not least—psychosexual, with linking comment betraying considerable sympathy with the Freudian outlook. Most of his material comes from the autobiographies of Western men of letters, from Goethe to W. B. Yeats and from Rousseau to Graham Greene, but musicians, politicians and psychologists are also represented. Of particular interest are some of the extracts dealing with the "adolescent intellect" and the extraordinary quasi-stupidities to which it is prone, as well as the morbidities and suicidal impulses not uncommon at this period. As a scientific compendium this vast volume has little value, but as a psychological bedside book it is admirable.

KLEIN, VIOLA. *The Feminine Character.* 202pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.25.

First published in 1946 and for some years out of print, this book is reissued in its original form. It is virtually a collection of essays by the author on the work and opinions of eminent men on the subject of feminine character. Chapters cover the biological approach of Havelock Ellis, the psychoanalytical of Sigmund Freud, the anthropological of Margaret Mead and several others. When first published it was no doubt timely and useful. A quarter of a century later it has some historical interest but is inevitably dated: the long discussion on feminine roles in society has surely moved on a good deal.

Sport

MARSHALL, JOHN. *Old Trafford.* 170pp. Pelham. £2.

John Marshall writes agreeably of the history of Old Trafford, composing a kind of running commentary linking events and personalities, Test matches and the county fortunes of Lancashire. There is nothing new here, but Mr Marshall manages to reconstruct the familiar with endearing gusto. It is, however, a somewhat careless book in which "Dick" Tilley is made to play for Nottinghamshire and Ernest Tyldesley is described as a left-handed batsman.

Topography

NOBBS, GEORGE. *Bygone Yarmouth.* 43pp. Norwich: Macklow Paperback. 45p.

Regency and Victorian Yarmouth are illustrated in prints and photographs reproduced from originals now in the Norwich Central Library, and are accompanied by notes on the town's history. From the old South Gates, the theatre (1778) and jetty (1809) to the Edwardian bathing-machines, the bygone local scene is evoked in pictures and text.

Paper-backs

[Chr]istiane Desroches-Noblecourt: [*Tut]ankhamen.* (Penguin. 75p.) E. H. [Gom]brich: *Meditations on a Hobby [Hors]e. Norm and Form.* (Phaidon. [...] each.) Erwin Panofsky: *The [Life] and Art of Albrecht Dürer* (Prince[ton] University Press. £2.60.)

[Avi]ation

[...] Martin Sharp and Michael J. F. [Bo]wyer: *Mosquito.* (Faber. £2.60.)

[Biog]raphy and Memoirs

[Fawn] M. Brodie: *The Devil Drives.* [(Pen]guin. 55p.) Jean Genet: *Miracle [of] the Rose.* (Penguin. 40p.) Jean [Gen]et: *The Thief's Journal.* (Penguin. [...]) Michael Holroyd: *Lytton [Strac]hey: A Biography.* (Penguin. £1.) [Mich]ael Holroyd: *Lytton Strachey and [the] Bloomsbury Group.* (Penguin. [...]) Laurie Lee: *As I Walked Out [One] Midsummer Morning.* (Penguin. [...]) Laurie Lee: *A Rose for Winter.* [(Pen]guin. 25p.) C. R. Leslie: *[Mem]oirs of the Life of John Constable.* [(Phai]don. £1.10.) Enid Starkie: *[Rim]baud.* (Penguin. 65p.) Lytton [Stra]chey: *Eminent Victorians. Queen [Vict]oria.* (Penguin. 40p each.) Joseph [Hone]: *W. B. Yeats.* (Penguin. 70p.)

[Dra]ma

[De]nnis Potter: *Son of Man.* (Pen[guin.] 25p.) James Saunders: *Four [...]* (Penguin. 50p.)

Education

Edward Boyle and Anthony Crosland, in conversation with Maurice Kogan: *The Politics of Education.* (35p.) Paul Goodman: *Compulsory Miseducation.* (40p.) Jules Henry: *Essays on Education.* (50p.) John Holt: *The Underachieving School* (30p.) Herbert Kohl: *36 Children.* (45p.) Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner: *Teaching as a Subversive Activity.* (45p.) Everett Reimer: *School is Dead.* (40p.) Penguin.

Fiction

Lawrence Durrell: *Nunquam* (Faber. 60p.) Michael Frayn: *A Very Private Life.* (Penguin. 20p.) P. J. Kavanagh: *A Song and Dance.* (Penguin. 30p.) John Symonds: *The Hurt Runner.* (Penguin. 35p.) Keith Waterhouse: *The Bucket Shop.* (Penguin. 25p.)

History

Morris Bishop: *The Penguin Book of the Middle Ages.* (Penguin. £1.) Peter Brock: *Pioneers of the Peaceable Kingdom.* (Princeton University Press. £1.50.) Aldous Huxley: *The Devils of Loudun.* (Penguin. 40p.) Luigi Salvatorelli: *The Risorgimento.* (Harper. £1.30.)

Literature and Criticism

J. M. Barrie: *Plays and Stories.* (Everyman. 50p.) Albert Camus: *The Rebel.* (Penguin. 50p.) Thomas De Quincey: *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* Edited by Alethea Hayter. (Penguin. 30p.) Thomas Hardy: *Stories and Poems.* (Everyman. 50p.) Rudyard Kipling: *Stories and Poems.* (Everyman. 45p.) G. Wilson Knight: *The Shakespearian Tempest.* (University Paperbacks. £1.25.) David Thompson (Editor): *Petrarch, A Humanist Among Princes.* (Harper. £1.40.)

Philosophy

Jonathan Bennett: *Rationality.* (Routledge. 60p.) Plato: *Timaeus and Critias.* Translated by H. D. P. Lee. (Penguin. 30p.)

Poetry

Cesare Pavese: *Selected Poems.* Edited and translated by Margaret Crosland. (Penguin. 35p.)

Politics

David Butler and Donald Stokes: *Political Change in Britain* (Penguin. 80p.) David Horowitz: *Imperialism and Revolution.* (Penguin. 40p.)

Religion

Jean-Pierre de Caussade: *Self-Abandonment to Divine Providence.* (Fontana. 40p.) Robert Grant: *A Historical Introduction to the New Testament.* (Fontana. 75p.) David Kossoff: *Bible Stories.* (Fontana. 30p.) Edmund Wilson: *The Dead Sea Scrolls.* (Fontana. 50p.)

Science

Theodosius Dobzhansky: *The Biology of Ultimate Concern.* (Fontana. 50p.) Fred L. Whipple: *Earth, Moon, and Planets.* (Penguin. 80p.)

Social Studies

R. D. Laing: *Self and Others.* (Penguin. 30p.) Chaman Nahal: *Drugs and the Other Self.* (Harper. 60p.) Arnold M. Rose (Editor): *Human Behaviour and Social Processes.* (Routledge. £1.75.) Eileen Younghusband (Compiler): *New Developments in Casework.* (Allen and Unwin. £1.50.)

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Wembley

Apply to: The Staff Manager (Ref. L/521CQ), The General Electric Company Limited, Hirst Research Centre, Wembley, Middlesex, HA9 7PP.

British Museum
(Natural History)

Librarian

Tring Museum

responsible to the Librarian, British Museum (Natural History) for the organisation and control of the Rothschild Library (40,000 volumes) and the library of the Sub-Department of Ornithology (4,000 volumes). Candidates should be chartered Librarians and should possess a degree or equivalent in a biological science, together with a knowledge of one or more foreign languages.

Appointment will be Experimental Officer (£1725-£2177) or Assistant Experimental Officer (£1020 at 22-£1311 at 26-£1579), according to age, qualifications and experience. These salaries are shortly to be increased. Non-contributory pension.

Age: E.O. normally 26-31, A.E.O. normally under 28. *Application Forms* from Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, or telephone *Basingstoke* 29222 ext. 500 or *London* 01-839 1696 (24 hour 'Ansafone' service), quoting S/94-95/C10/1.

Closing date:
25th October 1971

City of Birmingham Polytechnic

PRINCIPAL LECTURER
IN THE
DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIANSHIP

Candidates should be Fellows of the Library Association and have experience of research in librarianship and/or information science. A university degree will be an advantage. The successful candidate will be required to demonstrate academic leadership and expertise of a high level in an area appropriate to qualifications held.

SALARY SCALE:
Principal Lecturer £2,802-£3,142
(under revision)

Further particulars and application forms (returnable within two weeks from publication of advertisement) may be obtained from the Polytechnic Chief Clerk, City of Birmingham Polytechnic, The Grange, 48 Aldridge Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham B42 2TH.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

A young Library Assistant with at least 2 years experience in public or special libraries is required to assist in our Medical Library. Duties are varied and include journal circulation and storage, [illegible] Salary [illegible] plus luncheon vouchers. Please write or telephone for an application form to:
Personnel Department, [illegible], London, W1X [illegible]. Tel. No.: [illegible]

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CARDIFF
LIBRARY
Applications are invited for the following vacancies in the Library:
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Applied Sciences Library)
[illegible] Please quote 092A.
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Reader Services, Arts)
[illegible] Please quote 092B.
Closing date: October 23, 1971: Duties to commence January 1, 1972. Applications should be forwarded to The Registrar, University College, [illegible] from whom further details can be obtained.

MEDICAL LIBRARY

required by the Brighton & Lewes Hospital Management Committee to supervise and develop Medical Library services in the Clinical Area of the Brighton & Lewes, Mid-Sussex and St. Francis Groups. There are 2 hospitals in the area with two main libraries, one at the Sussex Postgraduate Medical Centre, Brighton General Hospital, the other at Beechmont, St. Francis Hospital.

Candidates should be over the age of 28, hold a University degree/F.L.A. or both, and be able to drive a car. Previous experience in a medical or biomedical library would be an advantage. Salary will be in the scale £2,589-£3,204 with a prospect of promotion to a higher grade as the service develops.

Further details and application form from the Group Secretary, Brighton & Lewes Hospital Management Committee, Royal Sussex County Hospital, Brighton. (Tel.: Brighton 66155).

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